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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN AMERICAN POETRY....	Helen T. Goodwin, '36.....	5
HOME— <i>Verse</i>	Claire Busby, '37.....	10
TO A BALLERINA— <i>Verse</i>	Elinor O'Brien, '37.....	10
ELEANOR ALLEN: DIPLOMAT.....	Cornelia E. Sheehan, '36.....	11
DEIRDRE, THE IRISH IPHIGENIA	Barbara Ann Ferguson, '36....	15
RESURRECTION— <i>Verse</i>	Claire Busby, '37.....	19
THE COMBAT— <i>Verse</i>	Mary V. Roche, '36.....	20
—THEN MY SHOE-STRING BROKE.....	Audrey Swendeman, '39.....	21
JANUARY MEDITATION— <i>Verse</i>	Louise Donohue, '37.....	24
LINES ON THE SEA— <i>Verse</i>	Louise Donohue, '37.....	24
PASTELS		
DAWN	Mary V. Roche, '36.....	25
NATURE IN HER WORKSHOP.....	Pauline Coyne, '38.....	25
CLIPPER SHIP	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	26
THE FOG— <i>Verse</i>	Barbara McGrath, '37.....	28
A WISH— <i>Verse</i>	Mary L. Dunn, '37.....	28
TIMES HAVE CHANGED.....	Barbara McGrath, '37.....	29
FÉVRIER— <i>Verse</i>	Margaret Rogers, '36.....	31
EMILY DICKINSON AS A MODERN POET.....	Katherine Flatley, '36.....	32
PRESENTIMENT	Elinor O'Brien, '37.....	36
"WHEN I WAS A CHILD".....	Mary R. Rafferty, '36.....	39
EDITORIAL		44
OF BOOKS		
LOUIS VEUILLOT—D'APRES SA		
CORRESPONDENCE	Phyllis M. Joy, M.A., '29.....	46
KING JASPER	Barbara Ann Ferguson, '36....	47
CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE.....	Martha Duffy, '36.....	50
EUGENE O'NEILL: A POET'S QUEST.....	Gertrude Larkin, '36.....	53
DAN CHAUCER	Mary Miller, '37.....	54
E. C. ECHOES.....		56
ALUMNAE NOTES		62

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN AMERICAN POETRY

HELEN T. GOODWIN '36

“LIFE, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” It has ever been the aim of the Presidents of the United States to preserve for the American people these inalienable rights. Some have been more successful than others, because their perspectives were not deranged by pride in their power or by a personal ambition. It was not a pompous plutocrat, a wordy politician or a superficial puppet that left the deepest impression of any President on the hearts of the American people. It took a man with a deep love for the poor and the oppressed, a man of few, but honest words, a man with the simplicity of true greatness—a real man of the people, Abraham Lincoln, to influence most deeply the American nation.

Like most great men, Lincoln was not fully appreciated until after his death. Since then he has been the object of highest praise for orators, biographers, novelists and poets. It is not strange that the modern American poets, from Walt Whitman to Edwin Arlington Robinson, have chosen him as a fit subject for their poetry. It is interesting to note how these poets of different backgrounds, of different ideas and poetic creeds have treated the same subject.

The part which early training and heredity play in the formation of a great character is inestimable. Two poets in particular have given tribute to the guide of Lincoln's early life, who set his feet in the path of honesty and courage—his mother. Vachel Lindsay, in *Nancy Hanks, the Mother of Abraham Lincoln*, compares the mothers of such prominent men as Buffalo Bill, Barnum, and Mark Twain, to Nancy Hanks, contrasting their sheltered, happy lives with the poverty of Lincoln's mother. The poem praises Lincoln only indirectly, but most impressively:

Not always are lions born of lions,
Not always is beauty born of beauty.

James Oppenheim, in *The Lincoln Child*, describes his birth and his education, which included the learning of the wisdom of the wide wilderness which he roamed as a boy. It was because his mind and heart, as well as his eyes, were attuned to judge great distances, that his penetrating insight made him the leader of his people, not their taskmaster. The poet also pays tribute to his mother:

Frail Mother of the wilderness,
How strange the world shines in
And the cabin becomes chapel
And the baby lies secure—

In the lines on Lincoln, Mr. Oppenheim stresses his justice, which endeared him to the hearts of liberty-loving Americans:

That men are one
Beneath the sun,
And before God are equal souls—
This truth was his.

He describes vividly the effect Lincoln's death had on the nation he had guided and preserved:

When a black cloud blotted the sun
And men stopped in the streets to sob,
To think Old Abe was dead.

Here is the simple man of the people whom in their love they called "Old Abe." The poem ends with a prayer that God will make all Americans more like Abraham Lincoln.

Vachel Lindsay's poem, *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*, has for its theme the idea that so long as war and oppression trouble the land, the spirit of Lincoln cannot rest in peace. Lindsay pictures the President dressed as was his wont in life, pacing the streets of his home town, Springfield, Illinois, and lingering in the places he loved, for:

It breaks his heart that men must murder still.

The poem is a plea to the American people to preserve the ideals of Lincoln, so that his untiring labor will not have been in vain. The poem is very appealing and poignant: a poem about the man of the people by a poet of the people.

Edwin Arlington Robinson has written a poem about Lincoln that is more mature and philosophical than the rest, as we would expect. It is a picture of Lincoln visualized by one of his contem-

poraries. It is supposed to be written just after the Civil War. The poem very clearly brings out the idea that men in high positions, men of great intelligence, cannot be understood by those whose souls are narrowed by the limited compass of their minds. Some of Lincoln's policies were attacked by men far beneath him in intelligence. In retrospect, and in view of what really did occur, they could say:

Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing that he knew so well.

Mistrusted, harassed and reviled in life, Lincoln surely found the peace which Carl Sandburg expressed in his *Cool Tombs*:

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the Tombs,
he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust,
in the cool tombs.

Edwin Markham, Witter Bynner, and John Gould Fletcher present the hero in what is probably his most appealing aspect, as the man of the people. Bynner's work is called *A Farmer Remembers Lincoln*. It is written in the simple language of an American farmer and portrays the real democracy, simplicity, and tolerance of Lincoln. He was loved by the soldiers for his kindness to them in the hospitals and they were deeply moved by his maniacal assassination. The following lines express the democracy and artlessness of the man:

And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful. He wasn't so high but the boys could talk to him in their own ways.

It's just—well, I was a farmer—And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

Lincoln, the Man of the People, by Edwin Markham, has a musical swing to its blank verse. It sounds almost like a litany of praise:

The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;

The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock.

The tolerance and equity of light.

Reading the poem, the impression is that Lincoln was someone great, good, strong, and clean whom God brought out of the wilderness, and endowed with qualities to protect right. The very finest lines describing and interpreting the spirit of Abraham Lincoln are in this poem:

One fire was in his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.

Here Lincoln embodies the nobility of a prophet. Both Edwin Markham and John Gould Fletcher compare Lincoln to a tree. The figure is particularly good, embodying as it does, the idea of his sturdiness, ruggedness and humble origin. Edwin Markham's version is:

He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Fletcher opens his poem with the lines:

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

This is the best figure of Lincoln yet used, even surpassing Markham's use of the cedar. The "gaunt scraggly pine" embodies not only the idea of his humble origin, but the idea of his personal appearance as well. He preserves the figure and tells how the tree was besieged by storms but:

A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

The final lines are poignant and full of suppressed passion and tenseness:

Strew over him flowers:
Blue forget-me-nots from the north and the bright pink
arbutus
From the east, and from the west rich orange blossoms,
But from the heart of the land take the passion-flower;

Rayed, violet, dim,
With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore and
the circlet,
And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white
magnolia,

Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has passed.

Walt Whitman, who was nearest to Lincoln in point of time has written the classic poems on Lincoln. His *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, is a poignantly beautiful poem on Lincoln's death:

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

In his other poem, *O Captain! My Captain!* he uses an effective figure. Lincoln is portrayed as Captain of the ship of state which he has safely guided to port, but as the ship comes in to meet the exultation of the people, the captain lies dead on the deck. There is no poem on Lincoln which embodies in so few lines the poignancy that a poet could feel at the death of a man he admired and loved.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,

The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

These lines refer to Lincoln's arduous task which he performed so nobly, that of preserving the integrity of the Union even at the cost of a Civil War.

It is interesting to note that Abraham Lincoln has won the regard and love, not of one class of society, but of all. This is evident in the poetry that has been written about him. He stands for the highest and noblest virtues of a man of the people and as such is subject-matter for our poets. They have taken different forms and poetic moods in which to interpret him but all have stressed his honesty, justice, democratic spirit, and love of his country-men. Whatever might have been their differences in other lines, poetic creeds and form, our poets have agreed that the typical man of the people was simple, honest Abraham Lincoln.

HOME

Claire Busby '37

We built the big house on the hill,
But, O, I love the little one still;
The little one gray with the wind and the rain,
Small of door and window pane,
Yet never too small for joy to share,
And never a room for sorrow there.

The friendly trees leaned down to talk,
Close to the flowered-bordered walk,
The sagging gate where moonlight dreamed,
While far in the shadows its silver streamed
A path of light that ran before,
And found its way to the old house door.

We built the big house on the hill,
But, O, I love the little one still;
The little one shabby and gray with years,
Filled with memories of joys and tears;
I pass it by with lonely pain,
And my heart and I live there again.

TO A BALLERINA

Elinor O'Brien '37

Oh, Ballerina dancing in the light,
Swaying now, now dipping in your flight,
You pirouette, poised taut on tingling toes
Music's spirit, melancholy's foe.

Swift-dancing sprite, in motion ever moving
Rhythmic motion, subtly, gently soothing;
Sweet wanton maid, your whirling dancing spells
Wordless dreams that vibrant music tells.

ELEANOR ALLEN: DIPLOMAT

CORNELIA E. SHEEHAN '36

SOMEWHERE, from the dim recesses beyond the hall, a clock struck five, silver-sweet, hesitating notes and lapsed again into discreet silence. Eleanor Allen, Mrs. Whitman in private life, pushed her manuscript aside with a half-sigh, half-sob of utter weariness. Through the French door she could see snow-clad fields which rolled to the south in gentle undulations, while faint, blue shadows hesitated in the hollows, grew darker, then gradually flowed smoothly over the whole. She watched them awhile from her chair before the fireplace, fine eyes lost in abstraction, an unanswered question of the morning insistently busy within her consciousness. The serene loveliness of her living-room began to work its subtle influence at last and gradually its cool green and white perfection was able to quiet and charm her. Della appeared, breaking the momentary spell.

"Beggin' your pardon, Ma'am, but will I be setting' the table for all of you or not?"

With a start Eleanor returned to reality.

"No, Della. Miss Ellen is going to a Valentine Supper at the High School, but Mr. Whitman will be home and Jimmy and Marcia. Make it about six o'clock, please."

"Yes, Ma'am."

With renewed interest, her eyes returned to caress the beautiful fireplace, set in an entire wall of mirrors, its serenity relieved only by a pot of English ivy cascading its dark green loveliness from the mantle shelf. Her gaze strayed to the mirrored wall, and she saw blonde, sixteen year old Ellen poised irresolutely in the doorway at her back. A kind of horror clutched Eleanor's heart as she surveyed her daughter, for the girl wore a black satin gown, extreme in style, and great, dangling earrings reaching almost to her shoulders, but under the hem of her gown one tiny, black slipper was

twitching spasmodically. Quick, hot words rose to her lips but were checked as she remembered the girl's keenly sensitive nature. Presently Ellen said:

"Do you like it, Mother?"

Carefully Eleanor adjusted her voice, saying coolly and a trifle carelessly:

"It will do, my dear," then she shut her eyes quickly to close out the deepening pain in Ellen's face. The small black slippers moved quietly back into the hall, and then slowly, oh so slowly, went up the stairs. Eleanor counted every step, agonizing over the girl's hurt, yet hoping the best from the enforced cruelty.

Once again the unanswered question obtruded itself upon her consciousness, and lay like a leaden weight where her heart ought to be. Perversely she tried to conjure up pictures of the sea off the Maine coast, great, cool billows surging over rocks—oh, it was no use—

"Mother, you're not sick?"

Eleanor opened her eyes reassuringly to smile at her tall, red-haired son.

"No, Jimmy, just very tired,"—and her heart missed a beat remembering big Jim at eighteen.

The young face relaxed in a cheerful grin as the boy settled himself at her feet.

"Working hard, Mother?"

"Yes son, very hard. That book must be in the hands of the publishers by the first of the month."

"Golly, Mother, I'd never have believed that just writing could be such hard work if I hadn't seen you, after you're through sometimes. The blue from your eyes sort of spills out into circles underneath. It must be sort of hard," he finished lamely, grinning in embarrassed confusion over his long speech.

Eleanor smiled gently, running her fingers through his curly, red hair, while he reached up to squeeze her hand gratefully. For a moment the yellow-stained index finger startled her, then she realized with a start the reason for his too-white face which had bothered her so of late. Her first impulse was to cry out in warning, but the quick recollection of Jimmy's fierce resentment of correction forbade it. Abruptly she came to a decision.

"I am worried about Dad, Jimmy."

The boy snapped his well-formed head from beneath her caressing fingers incredulously.

"Why?" he demanded in fierce loyalty.

"It's just that I think he is smoking too much, Jimmy, and you know it really isn't good for him."

Mentally Eleanor asked pardon of Jim, remembering his three cigarettes a day. Jimmy was regarding her quizzically, and the candor of his blue eyes almost defeated her. She dared say no more, and wondered miserably if, in her fatigue, she had said too much. The moments of silence ticked away, still the boy sat cross-legged, lost in unfathomable space. He rose slowly at last, bent quickly over her chair, implanting a clumsy kiss in the light curls above her left ear.

"Don't worry, Mother dear, it will be all right."

Eleanor permitted herself a small sigh of relief. She knew exactly what would happen. She must tell big Jim about it, for she knew that Jimmy would seek him out with respectful deference at the first opportunity, to tell him that Mother was worried. Then big Jim, with his fine understanding, would suggest that they both do a bit of cutting down so that Mother would have no possible cause for alarm.

Through the French door she could see that a new moon had dropped its pale gilt over the snow-covered fields, and far down the road the headlights of an automobile were cutting a great, golden swath through the night. Jim was entering the lovely green and white room, five year old Marcia riding in flushed triumph on his shoulders. The sight of his great mass of flaming hair, tumbled in confusion over his forehead, brought, as always, a new brightness to Eleanor's eyes, a special little quirk to her lips. He advanced resolutely with his burden and perched precariously on the arm of her chair. Mischief dwelt in his eyes as he deposited the now drowsy child in her arms.

"Tired, dear?"

"Not any more, Jim"—and her free hand sought his instinctively.

Marcia said with great gravity:

"Mother, Mary Jane's cat has three little kittens, and Mother, do you know—God forgot to give them eyes?"

"No, He didn't dear." Eleanor's voice was vibrant and rich as she drew this composite, youngest child a little closer.

"He gave them eyes, dear, but they aren't open yet."

"Why not?"

Eleanor glanced up at big Jim in mute appeal. He came to the aid of her tired brain immediately.

"They don't need them, yet, Marcia, honey. God has given them a mother to take care of them, and later on, when they grow bigger and stronger, He will open their eyes and strengthen their little legs so that they can walk and see and take care of themselves."

The child's eyelids flickered, her tiny mouth formed a soundless "Oh," then she slept, the easy, sweet sleep of childhood.

In the mirrored wall Eleanor could see that Jimmy was regarding his father with a shade of affectionate anxiety on his face. Jim must be told directly after dinner. A staccato flurry of heels on the stairs interrupted her musings, then Ellen flashed into the room, tiny silver slippers gleaming, a pale blue dress billowing as she hugged big Jim ecstatically. There was a sweet docility in her face as she caught Eleanor's quick nod of approval. Eleanor's heart sang gratitude until, in the contentment of the moment, the insidious question of the morning rose.

"Jim, dear, do you think a woman can combine marriage and a career successfully? I mean without doing irreparable damage to some one concerned."

For a moment he smiled, then his face held an answering seriousness. He glanced at the sleeping child, at his tall son and daughter by his side, then let his gaze lose itself in the night looking in at the door. At last he said with deliberation:

"Eleanor, doesn't it depend on who does the combining?"

All the tenseness and worry of the day flowed from her and was forgotten.

"Of course it does, Jim. I should have known."

"In this case, Eleanor dear, I should say that the career exists because of the marriage."

A great peace seemed to envelop all of them, and they sat silently giving themselves up to its influence while the far-away clock struck six, silver-sweet, hesitating notes and lapsed again into discreet silence.

DEIRDRE, THE IRISH IPHIGENIA

BARBARA ANN FERGUSON '36

Two thousand years it is since
Deirdre walked the earth as the presence of Beauty itself, yet her
sorrows live on in the spirit of man. James Stephens has described
the enduring poignant appeal of her tragedy:

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly
When we remember Deirdre and her tale
And that her lips are dust.

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire. No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen.

Lost to the world for centuries, Deirdre has become the Iphigenia of the Irish Renaissance, for, like the Greek maiden, she has attracted sympathy and expression for her woes by all Ireland's prominent writers and many of the minor ones. Since the publication of the Poems of Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Irish scholar and archaeologist, in 1880, which gave us the first rendering in English verse of the history of the House of Usnach, the loves of Deirdre have been as famous as those of her English sister Guinevere.

The source of her story is in the Gaelic version of the Conorian Cycle of the Red Branch Legend. It is in outline: Conachur, the high king of all Ireland, walking one day on the hills, came upon the hut of Felimid, to whom a daughter had just been born. Cathvah, the king's Druid, prophesied great beauty for the child and the ruin of the Red Branch kings through her, and advised her immediate destruction. The king, however, forbade this, but provided the girl's complete seclusion until she became of marriageable age when he planned to take her to himself. Thus it was that Deirdre, or the Troubler, grew to womanhood and beauty in solitude, except for her foster-mother, Lavarcham. Finally, the king, lonely and advancing in years, came to claim his queen. Deirdre, however, had

seen and been wooed by a beautiful youth, Naoise, the eldest of the three sons of Usna, and the lovers, accompanied by the younger sons fled Conachur's wrath and crossed over to Scotland. There after six or seven years of hardship and struggle for life, they received the king's pardon, and under Fergus mac Roy's surety are invited to return to Ireland to make their peace. Despite Deirdre's forebodings of evil, the party returns, Fergus is waylaid by the King's henchman, and the lovers are ambushed in a solitary hut by the soldiers of Conachur. Having slain the sons of Usna, the king is about to force Deirdre to become his bride, when she stabs herself and joins Naoise in his grave.

Unlike the Arthurian legend, which is set in the sixth century, Deirdre's tale, placed in an earlier time, is thoroughly pagan and Druid, containing no admixture of Christianity; the tragedies of Arthur and Conachur, as old, unloved kings, are similar, but Guinevere is a woman, while Deirdre is little more than a child, hence her sorrows are more pathetic. Just as archaeology has placed Camelot in Cornwall, Emain Macha is identified with the north of Ireland near Armagh; the lover's crossing-place to Scotland by the Giant's Causeway; and their refuge, Loch Etive outside of Argyle. Whereas the original lays most emphasis upon the prophecy of the downfall of the Red Branch, modern writers stress the personalities of the legend.

Among the earlier Anglo-Irish writers who treated the subject were Sir Samuel Ferguson, R. D. Joyce, T. W. Rolleston, Douglas Hyde, all familiar figures of the Gaelic revival. Their medium was largely the folk-tale and poetry, but a legend offering such fine material for drama was not long left waiting, for in 1902, A. E. produced his *Deirdre: A Legend in Three Acts* for the Spring Festival of the Irish National Dramatic Company. Lacking dramatic talent, Russell failed to give the tale much power, but his sympathy for the primitive and pagan elements compensates for this to some extent and gives his version a melancholy beauty. Deirdre's preternatural powers, seen in her vision of the birds of Angus, figure more prominently than in later writers, as does her worship of the goddess of Earth, Dana. True to the original, few have attempted to describe the queen's beauty, but A. E. allows Ilann to image her for the king:

The lady, Deirdre, has come with us and her beauty

is a wonder to the gazers in the street, for she moves among them like one of the Sidhe, whiter than ivory, with long hair of gold, and her eyes like the blue flame of twilight, makes mystery in their hearts.

Conachur's treachery is not planned in A. E.'s version, but is induced by his fear for the safety of the Red Branch; his cruelty avails nothing as Lavarcham assures him:

The gods have over-thrown thy dominion, proud king,
with the last sigh from this dead child, and of the pity for
her they will build up an eternal kingdom in the spirit of
man.

The one-act play, *Deirdre*, by Yeats, was presented at the Abbey in 1906. By compressing the story into one act, its tragic tenseness is preserved and only one mood presented. The action begins after the lovers have been led back to Emain Macha, the story being brought up to date by two musicians, who also hint at Conachur's treachery. Written in blank verse, Yeats's play is more poetic and less localized than Russell's. Though suffering from the poet's usual lack of passion and humanity, and characterized by an atmosphere of magic and dreaminess, the play is truer to the original in its details. Conachur's motive of desire for the girl is retained: the king, Yeats tell us:

went up thither daily, till at last
She put on womanhood and he lost peace
And Deirdre's tale began.

A sense of the transiency of human life and beauty, so marked in the Gaelic, Yeats catches admirably.

Herbert Trench cast his *Deirdre Wed* into a long narrative poem, an episode of thirty hours, based, he tells us on "an incident in the Gaelic version,—where Deirdre follows Naoise and woos him." The poem opens with an apostrophe to the Chanters, three ancient bards, Fintan, Urmael, and Cir, in colorful, archaic language. In answer to the greeting:

— a strain came out of Dun Tulcha, the yews' shores
From Fintan, the elder than yews, the too old for tears,
"Let us tell him of Deirdre wed, that his heart's doors
Resound as when kings arrive with the trees of spears."

Each chanter speaks from a different century, and each is given a different metrical pattern. Fintan's voice is cast into blank verse,

that of Cir into a quatrain, and Urmael's into a ten-line stanza. Trench's account belongs to the "closet literature" on Deirdre although its poetic quality surpasses the general run. Lady Gregory has touched upon the Red Branch Legend in her play, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, and William Sharp has also dramatized it in *The House of Usna*.

For strength, J. M. Synge's unfinished play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, is unquestionably the best version. This was first produced at the Abbey in 1910 with Sarah Allgood as Lavarcham and Moire O'Neill as Deirdre. While the power of the original is retained in even the weakest productions, Synge's temperament and condition were especially suited to the interpretation of the tragic queen's life. As his drama was written as he himself lay dying, her sorrows are deepened by his own sense of the joy and the brevity of life. Neglecting the older motives, Synge gives Deirdre reality by making the whole more primitive, retaining the old Gaelic names, and eliminating the royal entourage. The theme is more universal, since here it hinges upon Deirdre's fear of old age and the decay of love. Where other artists have motivated the lovers' return to Emain by Naoise's desire to see Ireland again, Deirdre decides here:

There are as many ways to wither love as there are stars in a night of Samhain; but there is no way to keep life, or love with it, a short space only . . . It's for that there's nothing lonesome like a love who is watching out the time most lovers do be sleeping . . . It's for that we're setting out for Emain Macha when the tide turns on the sand.

Daniel Corkery calls *Deirdre of the Sorrows* "the most Irish of his plays" because of its "core of hardness." He instances the bitter mocking words of parting before Naoise leaves Deirdre to aid his brothers. "To Deirdre himself Synge gave his whole heart. How could he help loving one who did nothing by halves." Owen, the king's spy, who kills himself, is not in the original and is a figure of the playwright's self:

It was Owen destroyed himself running mad because of Deirdre. Fools and kings and scholars are all one in a story with her like.

The poetry of Synge's prose play reaches greater heights than

any of the versifiers, as when like an Irish peasant, Deirdre keens over her dead husband's body:

I will not leave Naisi, who has left the whole world scorched and desolate. I will not go away, when there is no light in the heavens, and no flower in the earth under them, but is saying to me that it is Naisi who is gone for ever.

Even though he gives his heroine humanity, her dignity is not lessened by her lament, for she regains herself and turning to Conachur, says:

I have put away sorrow like a shoe that is worn out and muddy, for it is I have had a life that will be envied by great companies.

Having thwarted the king's designs with Naoise's little knife, Deirdre joins her three companions in their open grave, and Lavar-cham mourns for her as all who read of her sorrows must:

Deirdre is dead and Naisi is dead and if the oaks and stars could die this night for sorrow, it's a dark sky and a hard and naked earth we'd have this night in Emain.

R E S U R R E C T I O N

Claire Busby '37

The nights of winter are so long and still
Save for the wind that sings too sad a song,
And age-old stars with lights afar and still
That gleam and vanish like an elfin throng;
So many months before the springtime rain
Brings gladness to the weary, waiting earth
And tells the shivering garden, numb with pain,
That winter's anguish shall bring forth glad birth.

Spring rain at last! What comfort in this sound
That wakes the tired garden from its sleep!
So long it waited, now the rain has found
The treasures of its heart to guard and keep.
O happy garden singing in the rain
Of spring and flowers, and heaven after rain!

THE COMBAT

Mary V. Roche '36

Nascent night, chill and clear
Ghostly shadows of silvered pines
Lie motionless across the crystal carpet
Of new snow.
No sound, no movement here,
Only stillness, while
All earthbound nature waits
The combat.

Above, the young moon
"A slim, sharp scimitar of steel"
Lies in the girdle of the dark-hued robe
Which night has cast about the slumbering form
Of day, and is held fast
By the jewelled clasp of night, the evening star.
The struggle is not yet begun.
The night, by stealth,
Seeks victory which it never yet has won
By might.
The day sleeps on; the greedy fingers of the night
Close round the gleaming scimitar, and wield it high,
Preparing for the death thrust.
But now, a stir; day wakes
And with returning consciousness
His plight perceives—
The combat has begun in earnest—
And soundlessly, the mighty war is waged.
At length, day wrests the weapon from night's grip,
Flings it aside, casts off his gloomy cloak
And rises to stand forth—
The conqueror eternal—
Light triumphant.

... THEN MY SHOE-STRING BROKE

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

It was my shoe-string that caused the trouble. It was that narrow fiber of inconsequential appearance that occasioned the most unusual experience I have ever had. If I had not stopped to tie it, I would not have broken it with my impatient tugs; if it had not been snapped in two, I would not have been left behind; if I had not been left behind—well, let me tell you the whole adventure as it happened to me.

I was traveling with my family a few summers ago, through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the surrounding regions. Like any normal group of tourists, we were interested in visiting those spots which in every State are a mecca for the curious, and whose fame is spread far and wide. So it naturally resulted that on one sultry August day, we found ourselves descending the broad stone staircase that leads into the widely known Luray Caverns. In the midst of visitors from every state in the Union and accompanied by the omniscient guide, we went carefully down the steps and emerged at the bottom to behold on all sides the breath-taking beauty of stalactites and stalagmites, gleaming and quivering in myriad shapes and colors. Through dark passageways, narrow and low, past brilliantly lighted halls, high-ceilinged and broad, with splendor on every side, in delicate form and mighty panoramas, in vivid hues and dainty tints, past them all we went, wondering, worshiping the unseen Presence whose matchless handiwork was evidenced there. We marvelled at the prosaic, unenthusiastic monotone of the guide as he recited the patented descriptions to be found in all the pamphlets which flood the country.

Then *it* happened. By it, I mean the crucial event on which my story hinges. The knot of my shoe-string untied. I fell behind the party to tie it, intending to catch up in a few seconds. But my impatient and hasty pulls reaped a harvest of trouble, for

the string broke and I was forced to knot it together calmly and leisurely. Meanwhile, the guide had led his group, all unaware of my plight, further on and I could hear him saying in the distance:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall turn out the lights and you will be able to see for yourselves the condition in which those two intrepid explorers, Fearnaught and Faintheart, discovered these caverns and in which they remained for days."

After a short interval there was a click and the lights went out.

By this time I had completely repaired my shoe-string and I straightened up just as the darkness came. Suddenly I felt someone brush by with a whispered "This way" and, thinking it was another guide intending to lead me back to my party, I turned and followed closely. In a minute, my mysterious leader stopped and produced a flashlight which he focused on the limestone in front. Then I saw him push on a certain section of this seemingly solid wall, and before my startled eyes the wall gave way, and disclosed a small passage evidently leading back to the mountain. Without looking around, the man with the flashlight, whom I will call the "Leader" to avoid confusion, said: "Hurry up, Tom, in here," and disappeared into the impenetrable darkness. A voice behind me terrified me with its unexpected words, "Yes sir, I'm coming" and a man appeared laboring under a heavy box. Slowly he started into the mysterious passage while I, unnoticed by either of the two men, stood in speechless amazement. I had read about secret stairs and secret passages in mystery stories, but after all, such tales were only fiction, and this was the literal truth. I determined to follow, heedless of the fact that I was venturing into something of which I knew nothing, perhaps into grave danger; and so I crossed the threshold of adventure into the depths of the mountain.

Noiselessly, I went along the narrow path between the two walls. Just ahead I could hear the heavy footsteps of "Tom" and "The Leader," and fragments of conversation floated back to me; "Careful now or you'll blow us all to bits;" "Do you think he suspects anything?" and "Ed and Jim said they'd have everything ready." Dreadful suspicions began to suggest themselves to my over-active imagination. Why would we all be "blown to bits" if Tom was not careful? Why should these men be afraid of detection? Who were Ed and Jim?—what would they have ready? My last question was the first answered for in the midst of my excited

interrogation I heard voices ahead. Evidently I had come to the end of my pursuit, but I determined not to give up and go back, because I was certain by now, that I had accidentally stumbled upon the plotting of some dark crime, and I saw myself, a modern Joan of Arc, brought here to prevent its perpetration.

I pressed forward cautiously until I saw a dim light ahead and four men gathered around a lantern in earnest conversation. As I approached, one of the men put out the light and I heard him say, "Now you remember what each has to do. Ed, you blindfold him. Jim, you lead him forward. Tom, have you finished packing that dynamite? Good! John should be here with him any minute. Quiet now!" With these words the whole direful plan was made clear to me. John was a confederate. In some way he was bringing a victim to these criminals, a man who had offended them, perhaps unconsciously. He would be blown to bits here in the bowels of the earth, with no one around to see or help, save these five fiends whose cruelty I had discovered. How lucky my shoe-string had broken! I, at least, could do my best towards preventing this horrible deed. Soon I heard men coming through the passage. Now was my chance. With a scream I ran in that direction. "Run, run, quick!! These men are going to murder you." A detaining hand stopped my flight and apparently all was lost.

Quickly a match was lighted and by the light of the glowing lantern I saw four men in guides' uniforms, while a fifth, similarly attired, stood holding the arm of a middle-aged gentleman, prosperous in appearance. One of the guides spoke:

"Mr. Simmons, we have discovered a new room. We planned to bring you there blindfolded and have you light the fuse which would blast through the entrance to it from other caverns—but this prying girl with her lively imagination spoiled it all. How she got in here, I don't know, but she evidently heard something that made her think we planned to murder you. Explain yourself, young lady."

And I did—I did a great deal of explaining in a very short time, but we ended, the five "criminals," the owner of the caves and myself, by putting full blame on the shoe-string, and in their company I solemnly discarded it—the shoe-string that had been the cause of everything.

JANUARY MEDITATION

Louise Donohue '37

I think I know what trains are very well ;
As a commuter I have watched the year
Work out its cycle, seen Autumn disappear,
Known Spring, months later, end the winter spell.
For me all seasons come and go like trains ;
Whether I will or not, they carry me
Back and forth in trained monotony,
In cold and heat, in snowstorms and in rains.
So last night, as my train roared Worcester-bound,
Through mud-splashed windows I could see the snow
Ribbing the tracks, enameling the ground ;
In station lights I glimpsed the crystal flow.
Then, all at once, I knew life's dullness mine
And saw, in the drifting whiteness, Power Divine.

LINES ON THE SEA

Louise Donohue '37

Restless as the heaving ocean,
Ageless as the silver strand,
Tireless as the white-capped breakers
Rushing madly on the land ;
Formless as the mists that hover
Over the marshes on the lea,
Are the thoughts our souls uncover
As we gaze upon the sea.

PASTELS

DAWN

MARY V. ROCHE '36

Over in the east, above the line of the hills, a jagged, ever-growing rent has been made in the cloak of night. Beyond the tattered edges of the gap can be glimpsed the gold and coral garment of the day. The rift grows steadily, till finally the dark robe is ripped apart and Midas, throwing off coverlets of crimson and turquoise, lifts himself from his rest and begins his task. Ravished by his own splendor, he pauses momentarily to enjoy the reflection of his glory in the clear, still river. Gratefully then he touches the water with his sceptre and it takes on the aspect of molten gold. Far away, the morning train has escaped his notice and whistles boastfully, chuckling at its strategy as it busily threads its way through the hills, leaving only an ephemeral white ribbon to mark its busy passage. On the near shore, a gull, dozing with its mate on a sheltered rock, feels the golden touch, and spiralling to a height, hangs motionless for the space of a second, then swoops, screaming to its mate who dutifully flaps away in pursuit, wings bathed in light. Off to the north, a cock responds to the magic of the morning and crows shrilly. Beneath his roofs, even sluggish man has become aware of the miracle and has bestirred him and now reluctant wisps of smoke leave their cozy chimneys to coil lazily on the breeze. The day is beginning, the sun hastens on his way. Another day is born.

NATURE IN HER WORKSHOP

PAULINE COYNE '38

If only we could come upon Nature in her workshop! She has never been found tinting the leaves or coloring the flowers. No one finds her busily weaving a soft carpet of grass in early Spring, or deepening the blue of the ocean; or still more, in late November, freeing the imprisoned clouds that hover about the mountain peaks. Apparently she is always at leisure, but this manner is deceptive

for she never rests from her work. She labors quietly and with ease. Many artists find Nature an able teacher, one who knows all secrets of eternal charm and beauty, and behind which God Himself is manifested in simplicity and mystery.

If Nature would give us the slightest hint of toil, and weary, painful hours, our illusions of her would change. The seed transformed to a flower, the rays of light changed to the gold of the evening sun and the silvery moon that peeps behind a darkened cloud, would no longer hold their simple beauty. On penetrating into these mysteries we should learn the secret of existence and the final expression of life. "The seed must fall into the ground and die before it blossoms anew." So clearly are these lessons blended with beauty and truth that we cannot separate them.

Nature has a purpose, and many of us try to defeat it. This purpose is to make all men artists if they will but heed her lessons. These are found in the beautiful sunsets that lend color and expression to the oncoming tranquillity of twilight, the azure mists that tell of the awakening world, and the tall pine which after an April shower, fills the air with its sweet fragrance. Has not the skylark its own message as it "singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." Shelley tells us of its secret, and Alice Meynell would have us find in the daisy a "little veil of so great a mystery." With her we may ask to "penetrate all things with joy and wonder."

O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side, even on such a simple thing.

Nature spends much time in her workshop, not tedious hours, but hours filled with love and contentment. Her time of labor is likened to that of the successful sculptor or painter whose works evolve slowly, but, if he be a genius, they live long after him as masterpieces.

CLIPPER SHIP

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

"There is a memory stays upon old ships,
A weightless cargo in the musty hold—
Of bright lagoons and prow-caressing lips,
Of stormy midnights—and a tale untold."

The sun had set, but that glorious after-glow which it sometimes leaves for a few short seconds touched everything with an unearthly beauty. Day would soon slip into the half-light which someone has called "cat's light." What a fascinating name! There's witchery in it; anything might happen at a time known as cat's light.

Overhead, the sky had nothing of the rosy gold of the horizon—it was a chill, cold grey. The waters of the harbor were grey, too, except for one spot, far to the west. That spot alone gave back the magic tints of the sunset. On the rocky shore a single house was drenched with the last rays of the sun. Its windows were living gold, and a slender young tree near the road was bathed in this same shaft of lights. On the other side of the harbor was anchored a score or more of sail-boats and yachts, but a mass of rocks hid them from the shore where I stood. Suddenly, around the point, appeared a picture of breath-taking beauty—a three-masted fishing schooner, her sails full spread. She held herself proudly, making good headway in the stiff breeze. Her hull was grey—grey as the choppy sea. Her weather-beaten sails were etched against the darkening sky. Did I call her a fishing schooner? Better a clipper ship, the last of a proud race!

What memories she must have! Is she dreaming of the men who have drenched her decks with blood, of the southern seas she has visited, the sun-kissed tropical islands? Does she remember the China Tea Race? Perhaps as she passes these shores, she dreams of the dawn that was breaking when she sailed into her English port with her cargo of tea. Does she hear the shouts that greeted her that morning, or has she forgotten? No—such glories are blotted out by naught save death.

"And there be some who say that sunk ships rise
To seek familiar harbors in the night,
Blowing in mists, their spectral sails like light."

THE FOG

Barbara McGrath '37

A soft, thick robe encircles all the land
As if to cloak it from a hostile hand.

Familiar sights are gently wrapped away,
Like sleepy children in a blanket grey.

The hidden city rises into space,
The fog lends glamour to each dingy place.

A WISH

Mary L. Dunn '37

My courage is a gaudy thing,
A sunflower in the sun,
That lifts its head throughout the day
But droops when day is done.

I wish that it were like the grass
That people walk upon,
That grows again with every rain
And needs so little sun.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

BARBARA McGRATH '37

CHARLES FRANCIS WALTERS, otherwise known as "Chuck," tossed his newspaper aside and stared moodily at a pond a short distance away. He had that position-wanted-ad printed in the Daily Examiner three times a week for the last three months, and what good had it done him? He had received exactly four replies; two had assured him of large profits and rapid advancement in exchange for a moderate cash investment; another had stipulated that the applicant must be married, and the fourth required a car. Chuck had no wife, no car, and his cash, at the present moment, amounted to six dollars and ninety-three cents. He was beginning to doubt the truth of the old adage "It pays to advertise."

Chuck's musings were interrupted by the sudden appearance of two men who appropriated the other end of the bench. He felt slightly annoyed at the intrusion, for he had come to consider this particular bench as his personal property. He had spent most of his time here; that is when he was not looking for work. One of the men began in an authoritative voice:

"I tell you, Joe, in order to get along these days, a man needs originality and nerve. Times are not what they were in the old days. Then if you worked long hours and kept your nose to the grindstone you were bound to get ahead. Times have changed. Now it is the man who has something original to offer, and the nerve to offer it courageously."

Chuck groaned inwardly. That talk about originality brought back memories of his last year at college, when, as editor of the student monthly, he had sat in his official sanctum writing inspirational editorials and dreaming dreams of a bright and successful future. After a few years as star reporter on a metropolitan newspaper, he would produce the year's dramatic hit, and then—well,

then, people would begin to say "Charles Walters" in the same tone that they used for "Philip Barry" and "Noel Coward."

He had been so sure, then, that success was waiting for him, and now, sixteen months after graduation he was jobless and discouraged. This morning he had drawn his last bit of money from the bank. He had paid his room-rent in advance and was left with enough money to do him for a week. Just seven more days to try his luck, and if he met with no success, it would mean giving up his hopes and going back to Asheville. . . . jobless and disillusioned.

His eye fell upon a newspaper that the sprightly wind had just deposited at his feet. It blew over, and his eye saw the want-ad page. He picked it up and glanced wearily down the columns. They all looked so dull and monotonous—someone should try something different. An idea struck him, he drew an old envelope and a pencil from his pocket and began to write.

After a moment he stopped and read, approvingly:

"Young college graduate, no experience, no references, desires position. Short hours, large salary and chance for rapid advancement is required. Write box 319 Examiner office."

That was different, but would he dare to print it? He shrugged—why not make a sort of *beau geste* to his career and risk it.

A few minutes walk through the park and out to the main street, brought him to the Examiner building. The girl at the desk took his ad, read it and smiled:

"Well, this is a bit different. I hope it brings you good luck! Seventy cents please."

Chuck paid the seventy cents and departed. That was quite a sum of money for him, but nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Two mornings later, Chuck passed the Examiner building on his tour of employment agencies. He entered it. A few minutes later he emerged with a letter in his hand. Stopping in a doorway to read it, he was amazed at its contents. It was short and succinct. Mr. Martin of the firm of Jones and Martin, Advertising, requested an interview with him this very morning. Chuck glanced at the clock. He had fifteen minutes to make it.

At exactly ten-thirty Chuck entered the office of Jones and Martin and informed the efficient secretary that he had an interview with Mr. Martin. In a few moments she returned:

"Mr. Martin will see you now, Mr. Walters. Go right in."

Chuck took a deep breath and went in. Behind the desk was a rotund little man who rose and extended his hand.

"Mr. Walters, I'm glad to know you. Won't you sit down?"

Chuck sank weakly into a chair. Mr. Martin rubbed his hands:

"Now, Mr. Walters, I won't waste words. When I saw your ad in the Examiner, I was startled—then I said to myself that there was a young man who had advertising sense. He has the courage to be different. Well, how would you like to work for us?"

Chuck look at him speechlessly and the little man added:

"Mind you, it is only a trial—just a chance to see what you can do." Chuck found his voice:

"Why, I would like it very much. I have always been interested in advertising."

Mr. Martin beamed.

"Well then, that is settled. Come in, Monday at nine. The salary will be forty for a start. Will that be satisfactory?"

Chuck replied that it would, indeed, be satisfactory, and departed. He walked down the stairs, neither seeing nor hearing anything. Here he was with a fine position. Sixteen months of fruitless job-hunting had availed him nothing. Then a crazy ad in a paper and he had immediate results. Joe's friend was right. Times had changed.

FEVRIER

Margaret Rogers, '36

*Le champ est recouvert de neige. C'est l'hiver.
Les flocons se glaçant à l'entrée de la nuit,
Tapis étincelant, de mille feux reluit
Au lever de la lune en croissant qui l'éclaire.
Les rameaux dépouillés de noirs qu'ils furent hier,
Garnis de neige, font un filigrane exquis ;
La hutte délabrée ce soir est un abri
Aux reflets argentins sous les rayons lunaires.
Qui n'aimerait y voir un ouvrage de fées
Pirouettant, jetant de la pointe des pieds
Tout autour des bijoux qui de leurs doigts ruissellent ;
S'en allant éffrayées, vives ombres obliques,
A l'approche du jour que l'est pâli révèle,
Pour laisser aux mortels des richesses magiques?*

EMILY DICKINSON AS A MODERN POET

KATHERINE FLATLEY '36

“THE new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life; it would discard the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness found in all classics not of the first order. It is less vague, less verbose, less eloquent, than most poetry of the Victorian period. . . . It has set before itself an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity—an ideal which implies an individual, unstereotyped diction; and an individual, unstereotyped rhythm.” Harriet Monroe’s statement on the qualifications of today’s poetry makes for an interesting test of Emily Dickinson’s work. First, however, we must take into consideration Emily’s home life, training and general environment. She was born in the Puritanical town of Amherst in 1830, and died there fifty-six years later. Her father was strict and austere and brought up his children according to his very rigid principles.

Norman Foerster says of Miss Dickinson: “An Indian-Summer flower of romanticism on the Puritan ground of New England, Emily Dickinson was also a precursor of poets of the early twentieth century.” She was a forerunner in her novel experiences of rhyme and metre. She was not a participant in nineteenth century traditions, for she was not interested in marriage or teaching—the only two paths accorded a girl in her day. She was in no sympathy whatsoever with her Puritanical surroundings and doctrines. She herself realized how different she was from other girls of her age. That is probably why she prohibited her poetry from being published. How amused she must have been at her school-mistress, Miss Lyons, whose dictum was: “Fun is a word no young lady should use.” Such Calvinism met its match in Emily!

Emily Dickinson fell in love once, but when she discovered she could never marry the man she loved, she abandoned the idea and spent the remainder of her life writing poetry. And now we come to her “modern” verse, with its freedom of expression such as:

I took a draught of life,
I'll tell you what I paid,
Precisely an existence—
The market price, they said.

They weighed me, dust by dust,
They balanced film with film,
They handed me my being's worth,
A single dram of Heaven.

Theodore Maynard's comment is—"That was an audacious way for a woman to write in New England or anywhere else."

Emily Dickinson's poetry coincides strikingly with Miss Monroe's statement concerning poetry of our age. Her (the poet's) little pieces of art certainly "strive for a concrete and immediate realization of life." We have only to quote the following for a proof:

That such have died enable us
The tranquilizer to die,
That such have lived, certificate
For immortality.

Or notice this clever little quatrain:

Surgeons must be very careful
When they take the knife!
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the culprit,—Life!

The poetess did not lay down any definite theory to which she felt she must adhere. Therefore, we are able to obtain from her little bits of wisdom that are candidly fresh and original. Each poem contains some definite lesson, not didactically expressed, but inferred subtly, in her own inimitable, clear and concise manner. Life meant much to her, not public life which she condemned, but rather private life which she endorsed. She thought of herself as a "nobody." Listen to her own words:

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.
How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,

To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

The fact that she did not publish her poetry and never intended that it should be given to the public makes it all the more interesting, for it is subjective to the utmost degree. It is the outpouring of a woman's soul eager for expression. It is therefore the epitome of frankness and sincerity. For intimacy of expression we have:

Heart, we will forget him!

You and I, tonight!

You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Though her own love could not be requited, she nevertheless had a very high opinion of the subject.

Love is anterior to life,
Posterior to death,
Initial of creation, and
The exponent of breath.

Miss Dickinson had a striking way of assembling her words. Like the novelist, Jane Austen, she used only those which would convey her meaning exactly. Verbosity was not in her vocabulary. Take for example this combination of the words *life* and *death*:

A death-blow is a life-blow to some,
Who, till they died, did not alive become;
Who, had they lived, had died, but when
They died, vitality begun.

Here certainly are simple words, yet they are expressed in the manner of which only a poet is capable.

Miss Dickinson is almost masculine in her thoughts and realization of death; she is far from the effeminate, sentimental, swooning type of nineteenth century woman, as may be seen in *The Bustle in a House*:

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth.

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away,
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

She was daringly modern in her handling of rhyme, for she used such combinations as *grand* with *pound*; *gate* with *mat*; *one* with *stone*. However, she did not write poetry merely to trifle with words and forms; she was "much more concerned with an inner rhyming, the rhyming of ideas." And her ideas found expression in new rhythms and metres which make her a forerunner to experimentalists of today. For example, take this odd composition:

Left inactive on the
Stalk,
All its purple fled,
Revolution shakes it
For
Test if it be dead.

Emily Dickinson is important for her love of this life and her mysterious interest in the next. "She herself was of the part of life that is always youth, always magical." She rejoiced in life, she explored it and found it worth while. Though she is not a great poet by any means, she is important for her audaciousness, her rejection of Puritanism, and her influence upon later poets. In short, she is the poet-philosopher who wrote:

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye.
Much sense the starkest madness;
'Tis the majority
In this, as all prevails.
Assent and you are sane—
Demur—you're straightway dangerous
And handled with a chain.

PRESENTIMENT

ELINOR O'BRIEN '37

TENSENESS stretched across the darkened theatre like tightened cat-gut—taut, vibrant and at the point of breaking. The last act of the little drama had unravelled to the final scene. The crisis had left the audience breathless, waiting for the catastrophic ending.

Tonight, Mary Lord had performed without her usual precision; instead she had thrown herself into her part, living every moment of it. It was the part where the young heroine and her new husband step blithely into their car, content with themselves. Then shrieking brakes, a thundering crash, and a scream told a horrible tale. When the final curtain rose it showed Mary Lord, a pitiful figure lying on an embankment surrounded by a small group. As she stirred, a man, presumably a doctor, spoke:

"There now, take it easy. You are all right. Just be quiet."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a doctor, but you're not hurt. You just fainted. There was an accident. Now just be quiet, please."

She raised herself on her elbow and looked about frantically.

"Where's my husband—where's John?"

In the silence that followed, in the doctor's hasty gesture to steady her, she read the truth. She stared at him wildly for a moment, letting the truth penetrate, then her horrified voice broke out:

"John—Oh, John!"

The final name broke off in a hysterical shriek. The curtain dropped. It was the end.

* * * * *

Mary Lord walked off the stage into the arms of her attendant. She was shaking and real tears were in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Mis' Lord. You all done the show, like you never done nothin' befo'. Listen to them clappin'! G'wan back, honey, an' take yo' curtain call—that's the girl."

Mary dried her eyes and took her call gracefully, smiling and bowing until they would let her go. When she finally reached her dressing-room, she closed the door firmly and went over to her dressing table. Leaning on her elbows, her face between her palms, she scrutinized herself in the mirror. Her eyes still held some of that terrorized look of the last scene, and only that she was bracing her hands, she knew that they would be shaking badly. No other rôle had ever had such an effect on her. She turned dazedly, almost automatically at a knock on the door.

"Come in?"

A young man came in—a very pleasant young man. It was Peter Lowe who was very much in love with Mary Lord and made a point of proposing to her once a month. He was never discouraged by her refusals, for he knew that she really loved him, and he hoped for the day when she would be able to consider him above her career. He was full of enthusiasm for the way she had interpreted her role.

"Mary, you never acted better in your life. Do you know that?"

Mary stood up, laughing a little.

"Did I, Peter?" she asked a bit wistfully. Then coming toward him she asked curiously:

"You seem very pleased about something,—what is it?"

"It is you, Madame Thespia. You were wonderful. You had even me nervous at the end. What a way to end a play!"

A shadow crossed Mary's face and she moved away from him, fingering the collar of her gown.

"Oh, Peter," she said in an undertone.

"Why what's the matter, dear? You are all upset." He was instantly all concern.

"I know. It is the play. I don't like it. I don't know why. It never bothered me at rehearsals but tonight, it—it frightened me. It has me worried."

"You are tired, Mary. You need a rest. The first thing we know you'll be ill."

"No, I'm not tired.—Peter?"

"Yes, dear."

"I—I don't think I want to act any more."

"You what?"

He had taken a step forward at her words and now stood staring at her in amazement.

"I mean it, Peter. How soon could we be married?"

Smiling now, he took her in his arms.

"Don't say things like that very often, Mary I couldn't stand it." Glancing down at her downcast face, he noticed that she still had a serious, worried expression. Seriously and slowly, as if choosing his words, he said to her:

"Mary, have you thought this thing out logically. . . . or did it just come to you tonight . . . during the show. Is it the play . . . you don't like it. Perhaps you'll regret this sudden decision when you are yourself again."

"I have thought it all out, Peter. I decided tonight but it has been growing in my mind for months."

He was instantly smiling and gay again.

"Well then, that settles it. I can get the license in the morning and then in five days we can be married—come on Mary, we have to celebrate tonight. It's a mile-stone in my life."

Her worried look had disappeared. She was smiling for Peter's high spirits were contagious.

"All right. You run along outside and I'll be with you in five minutes—or less."

"It's a promise?"

"It's a promise!"

* * * * *

A few weeks later Mary Lord and Peter stood outside the Hotel Belmore waiting for Peter's car. As it rolled up, the doorman bowed respectfully to Mary.

"Good evening Miss Lord."

"Good evening!"

Mary and Peter drove off in the car. The night was foggy and veiled in a dense mist. As the heavy car made its way gingerly through the theatre district, Mary leaned back against the cushions, content to watch Peter manipulate the car with his skillful hands.

He swung down a narrow street that would take him into an open thoroughfare. He gained speed as he went. At that moment a frightened dog ran out in front of the car. With a muttered gasp, Peter lunged the car to the left and jammed the brakes. There was a split second before the deafening crash, then a terrified scream—and silence.

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD"

MARY R. RAFFERTY '36

Child is a term we all use frequently, yet what does it mean? If we were forced to define it, our interpretation would, in the main, square with that of John Earle, who calls a child "A man in small letter, yet the best copy of man before he tasted of Eve or the apple."

This definition includes the fundamental idea of a human being in miniature, with the ingenuousness and innocence always associated with a child. Yet we feel the idea is incomplete.

Equally difficult is the analysis of the child mind. We know children, love them, but never fully understand them. What is going on in their minds? When do children become conscious of themselves as individuals? What thoughts are craving expression? A child is a mysterious being, enchanting as a fairy tale, lovely as a dream, bright as a flower—but enigmatic as a sphinx. Yet, it is important to know something about the child mind, for science has proved to us how critical a period of life childhood really is. Habits are formed, attitudes of mind are acquired, joys and fears are experienced which influence later life. Wordsworth uttered a sound philosophical truth when he wrote: "The Child is father of the Man."

There are several ways of exploring the child mind. An important, but practically impossible method is direct introspection, that is, asking the child direct questions about what is going on in his mind. Indirect introspection is a more workable and efficient method. By this we mean accounts by adults of their own childhood, as in autobiography, or the disclosure of the child mind in fiction. These methods are valuable and do serve a great purpose.

Walter de la Mare, who is well-fitted psychologically to attempt any treatise on children, has written a fascinating book about them, *Early One Morning*. He makes no attempt to generalize or dogmatize, he has merely compiled an account of childish memories as set down by famous men and women. *They* tell the story of their

childhood days, their joys and sorrows, work and play, happiness and unhappiness.

These lights on the childhood of the famous are most entertaining. It is particularly enjoyable to glance into the childhood of those we know and to discover any indications there that were fulfilled in later life. It is a bit sad to read about Byron's early days, to read his charming, naive letters and to think of the man he might have become. He lacked the proper guidance and environment so necessary to right development. It is amusing to read of Shelley's precocity and to notice, with a smile, that Shelley never grew up but always remained a moody, unreasonable child. It is interesting to note that Poe's grim tales of horrors are a direct outgrowth of his childish nightmares and fears.

All of the poets were lovers of solitude in their childhood. Some of them loved it always, but some of them were driven into it because they failed to fit into their natural environment, as Coleridge:

So, from being petted and bullied, I became fretful and timorous, and a telltale; and the schoolboys drove me from play; and were always tormenting me, and hence I took no pleasure in boyish sports, but read incessantly. My father's sister kept an *everything* shop at Crediton, and there I read through all the gilt-cover books that could be had at that time, and likewise all the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant-killer, etc., etc. And I used to lie by the wall and *mope*, and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly, and in a flood of them I was accustomed to race up and down the church-yard, and act all I had been reading, on the docks, the nettles and the rank grass. . . .

This love of solitude always went hand in hand with a love for dreaming and reading. Shelley was averse to all sports and dreamed beside the river instead of playing with the other boys. Byron loved history and the Bible; Ruskin loved the reading of the Bible, also. Browning was an omniverous reader and to this owes the germ of many a poem. Walter Scott "was plunged into an ocean of reading without compass or pilot and became a glutton of books." Bret Harte, at an early age had read all the great masters of the English language. Love of good reading was an early habit with these

great men, and if it is a sign of future greatness should indeed be cultivated, but should also be cultivated for its own sake.

Most of these men and women remember quite definitely the instant when they became aware of themselves as individuals, that process which Wordsworth describes so beautifully. Jean Paul Richter says:

I stood one afternoon, a very young child, at the house door, when all at once that inward consciousness, *I am a ME*, came like a flash of lightning from Heaven, and has remained ever since.

Walter Scott had about the same experience, as he tells us graphically:

It is at Sandy-Knowe, the residence of my paternal grandfather . . . that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. . . .

Some childish fears are never recovered from; others are remembered but not with any sense of discomfort. Children very often are afraid of the supernatural, which they cannot understand, as Robert Burns:

In my infant and boyish days I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, deadlights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination that, to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. . . .

Sometimes these terrors are not so idle, as in the case of Poe, who never shook them off. Charles Lamb was affected this way. When he was a child he came across an illustration in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, which so horrified him that he could never look at it again in his life. Children are afraid of queer things; Leigh Hunt was

afraid of porpoises, and Oliver Wendell Holmes feared the arrival of midnight visitors and visits from the doctor. Some of these seem laughable, but we have no idea of the inner connection they have or the havoc they work in the child mind.

The dictum, *Once a poet, always a poet*, is in the main true. All the poets have written poetry when very young. All appreciated it, though not so intensely as Francis Thompson, who tells us of reading *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

I did, indeed, as I read the last words of Puck, feel as if I were awaking from a dream and rub my mental eyes. . . . So with *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *Lear*. Never again have I sensed so exquisitely, so virginally, the *aura* of the plays as I sensed it then. . . . But never, in any individual passage, did I sense the poetry of the poetry, the poetry as poetry. . . . I was over young to have awakened to the poetry of words . . . the sense of magic in diction. . . . It is the opening of the eyes to that wonder which signalizes the puberty of poetry. I was, in fact, as a child, where most men remain all their lives.

Very few poets there are who, like Amy Lowell, at a rather advanced stage of life *decided* to become a poet. Most poets write even in childhood. Alexander Pope had written a play at twelve; Elizabeth Barrett Browning had written poetry at four; Leigh Hunt, at twelve wrote a poem in imitation of Spenser; Robert Browning, at twelve had enough poetry to fill a volume. Chatterton was a success at seventeen, and Ruskin turned everything he wrote into poetry. Shelley wrote satires, poems and odes in his childhood. Walter Scott always loved to write the virile, romantic things he is famed for.

Mr. de la Mare tells us quite succinctly what are the differences and similarities of these earlier poems compared with the later work:

We find in these poems, then, what we should expect to find—namely, that the world of imagination in childhood, although the two orbits do not coincide, closely resemble that of man. There is a remarkable freedom from the merely “childish”! . . . The work of even the youngest of them is so serious in outlook, so grave in intention,

that little of it would have much chance of entry into many of the rhyme books aimed at children nowadays. . . . But in what degree are these child-writers akin to all children? No more or less presumably than any artist is to his fellow creatures. "Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can"—that is the truth of humanity at any age. The one indispensable distinction between a born writer and the rest of mankind is a gift for expression. . . . Like man, like child—these early rhymes represent childhood no less faithfully than the poems of maturity represent the mature.

It is strange that, on the whole, poets seldom interpret the child character naturally. They tend to idealize it and to emphasize the "littleness" of childhood. Swinburne, who loved children dearly, sentimentalizes about them. Wordsworth rarely interprets them naturally. When, occasionally he does succeed, he does it very beautifully. But when we think the question over, it is not so strange. Poets were not very ordinary children themselves, and it is rather difficult to understand and interpret that which we do not know.

Is the poet in his early years so very different from the ordinary child? Physically both are the same; both have in common those joys and sorrows, those fears and trials so natural to childhood. The child poet feels these things more deeply. His imagination is more keenly attuned and he suffers, in this way, far more than the ordinary child. Usually the child poet is not a companionable type. He lacks the normal intercourse with other children. But this lack is made up by his happiness in his own thoughts and in his reading. After all, psychology can interpret just so far, but the human mind is something that defies complete and dogmatic analysis. Genius and its eccentricities can never be explained by science. What we know of the child poet we must find from his own words, and this is what Mr. de la Mare has done for us. He has shown us how poets and other writers have looked back on their childhood and what they found there. From the view of child psychology it is intensely interesting and informative, but from the standpoint of literature it is doubly important and interesting to find out the early lives of our poets and discover the influence it had on their later life and work.

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EDITORIAL

We, of Emmanuel, are well acquainted with the character and dignity of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Some of us have been associated with them since our earliest school days; others have had but four college years under their guidance. Irrespective of the extent of our experiences, all of us have come to realize their fine qualities of virtue and scholarship. We are proud of the standards which they insist on for our college; we admire the skill and capability which characterize their management of their schools. They have done a magnificent piece of work in their chosen field. They have indeed carried out the ideals of their holy foundress, Blessed Julie Billiart.

In 1840, the Sisters of Notre Dame came to America. Since that memorable date, the organization of Notre Dame has grown amazingly until it now has houses in all parts of the United States. It boasts of grammar schools, high schools, parochial schools, academies and colleges. Only a few times in this long period of development have the Sisters of Notre Dame been visited by their Reverend Mother General from the headquarters in Namur, Belgium. All of the visits have been great occasions, times of happiness and jubilation. The Reverend Mother has been delighted at the work accomplished by her American daughters so far from the Mother-house.

Now again in 1935, the new Mother-General, Sister Josepha des Agnes, is visiting the American branch of the organization. We, at Emmanuel, have a singular honor to be students at a Notre Dame college at this time, for it is an honor that occurs not frequently. We know that the Reverend Mother was as pleased today as her predecessors were, at the splendid work of the Notre Dame order in America. Her visit is something that will stand out in our college memories. Her graciousness to us, her unaffected simplicity and her genuine devotion to the ideals of her blessed predecessor, Blessed Julie, have endeared her to all. We have stirring memories of the greeting that Emmanuel accorded to her, a welcome that was all her due, as the Mother-General of the Notre Dame Sisters who are our college teachers. We are proud of her visit and did all we could to make adequate thanks for the privilege. More than ever, we realize that the dignity and honor of Notre Dame rests in capable and loving hands and that she, like Blessed Julie, has trust in the "Good God" who has indeed blessed the work of Notre Dame.

OF BOOKS

LOUIS VEUILLOT—D'APRES SA COR- RESPONDANCE

PHYLLIS M. JOY, M.A. '29

Louis Veuillot, excellent journalist; Louis Veuillot, bitter enemy of all who attacked the Papal authority; Louis Veuillot, writer of great French prose, yet scorned, hated, ignored by the solemn professors of the Sorbonne; Louis Veuillot, passionately devoted to his wife, children and friends—which of these was the real man? Where is to be found someone with the sympathetic understanding necessary to follow his advice, and patiently build us a living portrait of him and his work by studying his very heart through his letters? Twelve massive volumes hold the correspondence of that vigorous life: Veuillot's interpreter must be not only a painstaking scholar, but a kin-spirit to him, one afire with the same desire to see justice done, and to give ever greater honor to the Church which fostered Veuillot's genius. Such a champion of the Church's defender has been found; the interpretation and affectionate delineation of his character has at last been written. Sister Marie Margarita, Ph.D., head of the French department of Emmanuel College, is the author of this work, which was published in Paris during the fall of 1935. To all who have studied with her, or worked with her, and therefore know her enthusiasm for French, her deep knowledge of the language and literature of France, it comes as no great surprise to see this book appear. Rather does it seem the fulfillment of a long-cherished hope that here in the United States might develop a new understanding and a fuller appreciation of Louis Veuillot than the universities and schools of his own land have ever known.

In clear, fluent French, Sister Marie Margarita has shown the different sides of Veuillot's personality, quoting judiciously from his wealth of letters to illustrate her points. A "portrait" of Veuillot, drawn by the pens of his contemporaries, introduces the reader to the subject of this thesis, and gives the viewpoint from which the

study has been made. "Le trait le plus profondément et le plus persévéramment caractéristique de Veuillot, c'est son don d'aimer." How the nineteenth century combatants in the war of Nationalism against the universal principles of Catholicism would smile if they could read that sentence. For Veuillot, as editor of the *Universe*, fought them bitterly, though fairly, with every possible weapon, including a biting irony, until finally an Imperial edict forbade the publication of a journal that dared to print a Papal Encyclical! His enemies did not realize that, like the warrior St. Michael, Veuillot wielded his sword out of love and obedience to the Highest Power. Journalism, as is explained in the chapter on *Vocation*, was not merely a profession to this ardent convert, rather was it his means of fulfilling a God-given task.

But it is Veuillot, the loving brother to Eugène and Elise, the devoted husband, the tender father, the generous, whole-hearted friend that we learn to love, much as we may admire the fighter. Tortured throughout his life by ill-health, public contradictions and personal sorrows, he was still able, after hours of editorial work, to write gaily, humorously, lovingly, to all who had a claim to his heart, either through blood-relationship or through the precious bond of friendship. Something warmly human about Veuillot draws us to him, as he is presented by Sister Marie Margarita, so that we hope, with her, that this study of him and his life may go far to make known to the world this great leader of Catholic Action.

KING JASPER

—**Edward Arlington Robinson**

BARBARA ANN FERGUSON '36

It well may be that I am one of those youngsters whom Robert Frost teases for their over-insistence upon the intellectual content of poetry, or it may be simply that I have a "blind spot" for its technical charms, but I am far more interested in what a poem says than what it is. When it comes to E. A. Robinson, however, I am like one of those devotees of the Great Garbo, ready and waiting for the first showing.

King Jasper, Robinson's posthumous work, is interesting both for the poet's last words and for the splendid introduction by his

fellow New Englander, Robert Frost. While making no comment upon this particular volume, Frost gives us a few intimate, trenchant lines of criticism. In praising Robinson as a traditionalist in form, he comments upon the propagandist heresy current among the younger poets, who, scorning the eternal subjects of literature, propose "to use poetry as a vehicle of grievances against the un-Utopian state." Social evils Frost characterizes as "grievances" and consigns them to prose, reserving "griefs," the timeless tragedies of life, "the immedicable woes" to poetry. And for these he bids us to go to Robinson, whose genius lay in his "grazing closeness to spiritual realities." The dead poet he describes as a "prince of heartachers amid countless achings of another part. The sincerity he wrought in was all sad." Disillusionment according to Robinson was unavoidable, no matter what the stakes, and despite the fact that we had no choice but to play. Truly there is something fortifying, in these days of innumerable spurious panaceas, in his stoic refusal of all anodynes.

The poem itself is a long narrative in blank verse dealing with Jasper, a monarch whose lust for gold has brought ruin to his kingdom. Although the theme, that of "strife with the promise of a larger upheaval and the universal conception of humanity and its progressive destiny" is a familiar one to readers of Robinson and of his Camelot legends, in *King Jasper* the symbolism is closer to our own times. Jasper the king has achieved his power through his associate, Hebron, whom he betrayed and murdered; and through young Hebron comes his ruin. Honoria the queen, magnificent in her beauty and dignity, yet feeling insecure because of "the touch of hidden fingers everywhere," of:

mysterious hands

Doing a silent work of slow destruction.

communicates her fears to Jasper, who recognizes them as the ghostly hands of dead Hebron, yet he, too, is ignorant of their meaning:

There may be a long madness on the way

To shatter a mad world that may deserve it.

I cannot answer if you ask me now

To tell you what it is those hands are doing.

But with the advent of young Prince Jasper and his beautiful bride Zoë, Honoria foresees the end, and denying the young couple her

recognition, retires. To my mind she typifies a certain narrow culture dying today because of inability to meet new conditions of life. The words of Zoë, representing the Spirit of Life, upon being rejected pronounce the doom of Jasper's kingdom, since life is forbidden there.

In the third canto there is a remarkable dream scene where Jasper is pictured as struggling alone through an endless desert of rocks and hills, condemned to climb them forever. Praying for company, even that of death, he is met by Hebron, who taunting him with his earthly treachery and the lust for power that is to be his undoing, leaps upon his shoulders, increasing his weight until it becomes equal to the gold for which Jasper had slain him. Before he awakens, Hebron reveals to him that Zoë and young Hebron are to bring about his destruction.

Having recognized his impending doom, Jasper no longer fears but trusts the perpetuity of his kingdom to young Jasper and Zoë. The dragon in the chimney, symbolizing the power to which the king had sacrificed all, is dying, however, and Zoë confides to the old monarch her premonition that even the prince shall go. The suggestion here seems to be that the old social order cannot be assimilated even in part, but must be wholly destroyed.

It is at this point in the poem, in the sixth canto, that Robinson's philosophy is most evident, in the words of Zoë. Here we get his affirmation of the necessity of an Eternal Cause:

No God,
No Law, no Purpose, could have hatched
for sport
Out of warm water and slime, a war for life
That was unnecessary, and far better
Never had been—if man, as we behold him,
Is all it means.

The nature of this Cause is, however, unknown:

I don't say what God is, but it's a name
That somehow answers us when we are
driven
To feel and think how little we have to do
With what we are.

Stoicism marks his view of the future of mankind:

You cannot have the past and cannot
want it;

You must have what's to be and cannot
help it.

If it is all, there's nothing to be feared

If it is nothing, it is not worth fearing.

Man's destiny Zoë claims is "a long, long way from where we are;" a huge world conflict must ensue before we make any progress toward it. Robinson has been criticized for his aloofness from our times, but where can a better chronicle of the world situation be found than this:

—a few suffocating and blood-drenchings
Of helpless heroes who will not know why
Or what it means, will show the devil's
ahead,

With banners and with music of all nations.

The devil is an impartial patriot,

Unprejudiced as he is promiscuous.

Today the devil is more than God. Tomorrow

He will be more and more. Out of it all

He'll come with crutches, and not the devil he was.

Thus, although the poem ends with the burning of Jasper's kingdom by young Hebron, who symbolizes a blind revolt springing from cruelty and greed, and the death of both Jaspers, Zoë, as life, goes on to the millennium, as

The wise one knew

That she must go alone, waiting for time

And life to blind themselves in finding her

And sometime to have eyes.

CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE

—Jessie Conrad

MARTHA DUFFY '36

Like many other so-called "private" lives of great men now in vogue, this latest biography of Joseph Conrad adds nothing to his honor or glory, but rather presents a picture which is almost repelling. Mrs. Conrad's intention was honest, for she writes "the success of this book will certainly revive the works of the man who inspires these pages," but the figure which emerges from these pages is not merely eccentric in the extreme, but often unattractive, with

barely a redeeming feature. She does, indeed, pay tribute to her late husband's qualities, his tenacity, his capacity for gratitude, his "truly lovable nature," but these are phases which pale before the long array of anecdotes of his angers, his obstinacies, his irresponsibility, his lack of consideration, his unfairness, his childish egotism, his "characteristic habit of not seeing or admitting anything he did not wish to see or acknowledge." Genius may have its right to peculiarities, but the reader may well ask himself to just what lengths of eccentricity this right permits its possessor to go.

In form, the book is a straightforward narrative of their mutual relations from their first meeting in 1893 to his death in 1924, after nearly thirty years of married life. In substance, it is an almost entirely domestic record, Conrad, the writer, being completely subordinated to the presentation of Conrad, the husband, father, householder, host, friend and traveller. She discusses their honeymoon abroad, their several homes in England, in Essex, Bedfordshire and Kent, their two sons, their travels abroad, their illnesses, which were frequent,—in short, their day-by-day existence. The "Circle" mentioned in the title is dealt with in a very cursory account of the many friends who visited them. It included such men as Henry James, Stephen Crane, Cunningham Graham, H. G. Wells and W. H. Hudson of the earlier days, and later Norman Douglas, Hugh Walpole, Arthur Symons and Jean Aubrey. Constant visitors were Galsworthy, Edward Garnett, Arthur Marwood, Edward Thomas, Jacob Epstein, and Percival Gibbon. They are discussed merely as social friends and not in their relation to Conrad as influences on him, or as his disciples.

The portrait of a man desperately unreasonable, ruthlessly egotistical and pompous, monstrously selfish and irresponsible is not one which we would expect from Mrs. Conrad, as one who has, as she states at the end of her book, "the privilege and the immense satisfaction of being regarded as the guardian of his memory." The question is, is it a true one and must we accept it as such? Fortunately, we need not. The evidence of friends, less intimate, perhaps, but more perceptive, and above all, the evidence of his works themselves remains as a testimony to the larger being, one who may have been all that Mrs. Conrad declares, but must also have been even as a private individual, something more than she has presented.

Another question which presents itself is, why did Mrs. Conrad give us such a picture, by revealing private affairs known only to her, and which have done much to lower him in the eyes of the world, when her avowed purpose was to raise him? It must be again stressed that there was no conscious dishonesty or inconsistency in the one-sided record. The writer does not realize how damaging it is. "The dear form,"—"the dear fellow,"—"the beloved face," one need not believe that these are meaningless terms of endearment; it is simply that her mind is of a kind which harbors slights more easily than kind acts. To illustrate: she states how she has borne a grudge against Mr. Ford Madox-Ford for many years because of a dispute over a laundry bill, and after a quarter of a century she has not forgiven Henry James for having served Mrs. Hueffer first at a tea. From these incidents we must conclude that she has a mind, either curiously naive, or entirely taken up with trivialities. If her memory is correct, out of a long marriage she has retained nothing tender, nothing considerate, but only injuries and slights. Can we see the whole man, his real greatness, revealed time and again in his writings, through the medium of such a small mind? To the student of psychology, she has revealed herself, unable to realize imaginatively her husband's devotion to his art, and without insight enough to probe beneath the surface.

Of Mr. Ford Madox-Ford, whose *Joseph Conrad—A Personal Remembrance* is considered the classic of the Conrad biographies, Mrs. Conrad writes that he has reviled Conrad, "when he is beyond the power of defending himself." The truth is that no one has done more than Mr. Ford to preserve Conrad's fame, and no one has done more than Mrs. Conrad to injure it. She dismisses Ford's book as "fantastic" and unfactual, despite its specific claim to be impressions only and not at all documentary, yet it is the certain truth that, with all its possible faults, it does present more of the essential Conrad in a few brief paragraphs than she has in her whole volume. It is highly probable that her book is just one of the many of the type currently popular but of no lasting biographical value. She was too near him both in time and position to judge him objectively and impersonally and give the picture its true perspective. Let us hope that time will give her an understanding of his greatness, and we shall have a truer portrayal of Conrad by the one who knew him best.

EUGENE O'NEILL: A POET'S QUEST — Richard Dana Skinner

GERTRUDE LARKIN '36

In his book, *Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest*, Richard Dana Skinner has given us a thoroughly novel interpretation of the dramatist's work, as well as a most unusual analysis of the poetical import of this work. The book does not consist of a series of dramatic reviews in the ordinary sense, but rather is an attempt to trace the inner continuity through all of the plays, revealing "the quality of continuous poetic progression linking them all together by a sort of inner bond." Although at times the author is a bit obscure and causes the reader some difficulty in following his trend of thought, we may attribute this to the nature of his subject rather than to any confusion in his own thought. The analysis of another's soul is naturally difficult, but the task is increased if it be, as in this case, the soul of a poet. The author is to be commended for his astute treatment of his chosen material. Mr. Skinner, of course, may be mistaken in much that he believes to be implied in the plays, which perhaps was never intended. Since true poets often do reveal themselves to a greater extent than they are actually aware, Mr. Skinner feels justified in writing of this inner man as he appears in his plays.

The poet's quest, we are told, is the unending search for the true serenity which comes only with the complete triumph of good over evil. Mr. O'Neill passes through many bitter struggles as these forces battle for supremacy in his soul, and in his plays we have the outward manifestation of the various stages of progress made by the inner man in his search for ultimate peace. It is as if there were two selves fighting for supremacy, right and wrong. Only when the evil has been completely subdued and surrenders to the good may these selves be united into one contented being. It is the author's purpose to show us that such a contest actually has been taking place in the poet's soul. It is his further purpose to show by means of an analysis of O'Neill's many plays the progress made by these combating forces.

The book is divided into three parts, representing the three chief phases in the poet's struggle for final truth. In the first division we are given the playwright's background and the influence his environment has had upon him. We are given a description

of the plays written before 1924, including, *Beyond the Horizon* and *Bound East for Cardiff*. This group shows that the poet has embarked on a voyage of partial discovery, but, unfortunately, evil has been only temporarily subdued, and appears with added strength in the following period, which is called *Regression*.

In this second phase of the struggle, the soul seems lost in the depths of despair. The light of truth is obliterated and the poet is groping blindly about in the darkness, terrified lest his fall be forever. This very terror saves him from his evil self, for by it he is impelled to continue his struggle. During this period of regression we have the plays *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *Marco Millions*, and others written up to 1932.

At length, after the exhausting struggle with despair, comes a time of emergence. The battle is not yet won, but it is well on the way to final success—the triumph of good over evil. The soul is weary, but happy at the reappearance of light. *Ah, Wilderness* and *Days Without End* appear in this period, and like his other plays are the outward expression of his inner conflict. In presenting the inner themes of the plays, Mr. Skinner treats all the characters as symbols of the various selves fighting to possess the poet. As each new play appears, he shows its evolution from the preceding play and the progress of the struggle.

This view of Mr. O'Neill is most unusual, but perhaps will not meet with complete affirmation. It is worthy of study since it comes from the pen of a fine critic, and one admirably suited for this particular work. It is the journey of the inner, intuitive spirit that Mr. Skinner is attempting to trace, and if anyone is seeking a new outlook on the dramatist or a new mode of viewing his output in its entirety, this book will be invaluable. If anyone can give us the correct interpretation of Mr. O'Neill at all, it is Richard Dana Skinner, who is a personal friend of the poet and has been interested in his search for truth and peace.

DAN CHAUCER

—**Henry Dwight Sedgwick**

MARY MILLER '37

Mr. Sedgwick has given us a distinct, detailed account of Chaucer's life, public and private, and a masterly appreciation of

his works and qualities as a writer. He states his purpose in writing the book in the introduction: "I shall try to set forth for ordinary people an ordinary man's admiration for a most excellent artist."

In a clear and interesting manner he presents the facts of Chaucer's life and illustrates the part that Chaucer played in forming his nation's history. He minimizes Dante's influence on Chaucer, showing that all it amounts to is the borrowing of an idea, an episode, or a few phrases. Though he does not believe that Chaucer ever met Petrarch, he still shows his indebtedness to the Italian. But more closely connected with Chaucer's work than either Dante or Petrarch is Boccaccio, who bears a strong similarity to Chaucer both in life and in literary production.

By far the greater critical part of the book is concerned with Chaucer's masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*. Their real source, Mr. Sedgwick claims, is in Chaucer's own journey from London to Kent, and the dispute about his use of the *Decameron* is of little importance. Chaucer was enough of a genius to make a tale from his own experience without borrowing.

In closing his book, he summarizes the qualities asked for in the greatest poets: "Good sense, knowledge, learning, human sympathy, intensity, imagination, the grand manner and melodious verse." He proves that Chaucer possessed them all, the grand manner excepted. This he lacked because he does not deeply touch the soul. His excellence lies in his extraordinary fluency of verse and his power as a story-teller.

"As a poet, Chaucer has been surpassed in various ways by a number of Englishmen, but as a story-teller in verse, or rather, I should say, as the story-teller of the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, he is, if not the best, neck and neck with the nearest competitors."

E. C. ECHOES

The publicity Committee has been very busy this year keeping the social and scholastic endeavors of Emmanuel before the public notice. Along with this arduous duty the Committee found time to conduct a very enjoyable "penny party" on December eleventh. The penny sale, entertainment and tea was most successfully arranged by the Senior members of the Committee: Helen Lyons, Chairman, and her assistants, Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy and Olive Dalton. The Committee has also undertaken to publish a collegiate paper, *RIPPLES*, which purposes to disclose the "froth and light matter" of our collegiate course, leaving the more weighty intellectual matter to our other publications. The first issue was received with great enthusiasm and the college is eagerly awaiting the next edition. The Publicity Committee has a busy year ahead of it!

Retreat comes in a most convenient time, just after the close of mid-year's and before the opening of second semester. It is a suitable time to devote ourselves entirely to our spiritual welfare. Retreat, this year, was even more than had been expected. Our retreat-master was the Reverend Francis LeBuffe, S.J., associate editor of America and one of the leaders of Catholic Action in the country. His talks were clear and thought-provoking. He proved to us the importance of fully understanding the fundamentals of Catholic theology, for it is the fundamentals that are being attacked today. Father showed us that we were created for a purpose; he told us that to be a saint is nothing more than acting in a grown-up fashion, "doing what we should do, when we should do it, how we should do it, and why we should do it, all for the honor and glory of God." This became the slogan of the retreat. Another important idea brought out was that God created the world and all its pleasures, and to Him they were "very good." It is only man's misuse of these pleasures that makes sin. These are only a few of the important

points Father stressed. To sum it all up, as clearly and candidly as Father gave it, is impossible. Suffice to say that it was one of the finest retreats Emmanuel students have ever made.

Literary Society At the second meeting of the Literary Society, on December fourth, an informal discussion was held which concerned two of Shakespeare's plays, one of which was presented on the legitimate stage, the other in the movies. All agreed that Katherine Cornell's interpretation of Juliet was sincere and beautiful. Most of the society agreed that Ralph Richardson, as Mercutio, was worthy of great praise for his fine portrayal of the character. The screen production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* was discussed and the society agreed that the screen really had interpreted very well the spirit of Shakespeare's immortal fantasy. Miss Helen O'Connor, '38, gave an interesting talk on the rise of the Little Theatre movement in America. It was very interesting because Miss O'Connor has personal contact with several people who have been instrumental in furthering the movement, so her material was first hand. Miss Barbara Ferguson, president, presided at this very enjoyable meeting.

Athletic Association The Athletic Association has centered its attention on basketball for the past few weeks. At the first game of the season, the Freshmen met defeat at the hands of their Junior sisters, despite the fact that they were aided and abetted by the Sophomores. It proved to be an exciting game. The winning Junior team was made up of such skilled players as Louise McAuliffe, Helen Coughlin, Claire Busby, Ruth Gallagher, Mary Farrell and Eileen Sullivan. The Freshman team, which we hope will have better luck next time was composed of Barbara Benson, Patricia Gormley, Laura DePrizio, Jane Prout, Marguerite Daley, Helen Burns, and Margaret McCarthy. On Monday, January twenty-seventh, two games were played, both of which were won by the Seniors. They defeated the Sophomores by a score of 23-0; and the Juniors by a score of 16-10. The Juniors showed great ability in playing and put up a hard struggle, but they could not overcome the more able Seniors. On the successful Senior team were Katherine Flatley,

Patricia Cahill, Mary Barnwell, Mary M. Murphy, Alice Burke, Mary Healey, Katherine Barry and Alice Gallagher. The Sophomore members, who played well in spite of their defeat, were Margaret McCarthy, Josephine Pillion, Dorothy Murphy, Katherine Buckley, Margaret Horgan, Elizabeth Carr. Basketball is over for the present and the ping-pong tournament is now under way with many spirited contestants.

Junior Prom captures the social spotlight of Emmanuel for the month of February. To the Juniors it was the event of their collegiate career and to the rest of the college it was a most enjoyable and entertaining affair. The music of Sammy Liner's orchestra was enchanting; the delicate tints of the Juniors' evening gowns were lovely against the soft lights, and the general air of merriment and enjoyment all made the evening a thoroughly happy one. The Juniors will have a happy Junior Prom to look back on in the year to come. They are to be complimented on their choice of committee: Mary Dunn, Chairman, Anna Cahill, Helen McCarthy, Ellen Dorsey, Rosemary Murdock, Catherine Cuttle, Marjorie Nyhan, Eleanor Dewire, and Alice Quartz, ex officio.

The semi-annual elections took place before the opening of second semester with the following results:

Class JUNIOR—President, Rosemary Murdock; Vice-President, Helen McCarthy; Treasurer, Alice Kenneally; Secretary, Martha Buckley.

Elections SOHOMORE—President, Irma DeLeo; Vice-President, Dorothy Murphy; Treasurer, Mary McCarthy; Secretary, Mary McDevitt.

FRESHMAN—President, Gertrude Duffy; Vice-President, Mary Metevier; Treasurer, Aloyse Tuohy; Secretary, Loretto Logue.

Devotion to Mary is one of the marks of an Emmanuel girl and all are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. The Freshmen were recently enrolled as children of Mary by Father Lynch, who delivered an inspiring talk on devotion to our Lady, and presented the Sodality medal. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament

followed. We are sure that the impressiveness of the occasion made the Freshmen realize and cherish the honored title which they now bear as Children of Mary.

Classical
Society Helen Attridge entertained at the second meeting of the Classical Society with an illuminating talk on her travels in Italy. The members were all eager to welcome her back, for she has always contributed to the enjoyment of the meetings.

Le Cercle
Louis Veuillot Miss Phyllis Joy, who has often contributed her knowledge of French and French customs to the enjoyment of *Le Cercle Louis Veuillot*, entertained once again with a delightful illustrated talk on stained glass which the members thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Rita Crispo, '38, reviewed the French film, *Marie Chapdelaine*, which played recently in Boston. The meeting was closed with the singing of French songs by the entire group.

Senior
Bridge On Saturday, December twenty-eighth, the Somerset Hotel was the scene of the happy gathering of many Emmanuelites and their friends as they met at the annual Senior bridge. It is always a gala occasion, for it is a chance to meet during the Christmas holidays and discuss the many gay and exciting affairs of the holiday season. The fashion show is an added incentive, for there are few girls who are not vitally interested in the new fashions. The models were exceptionally good; some of them have enough experience by now to be classed as professionals. Among these delightful mannequins were Rita Ryan, Margaret Mackin, Claire Hamilton, Virginia Bixby, Marie Coyle, Anne Quinlan, Isabel Maguire, Loretta Murphy, Rita Lee, Capitola Mulligan and Eleanor Donohue. Mary Shannon, Eleanor Fogarty and Gertrude Larkin contributed to the musical part of the program. Dora Murphy, chairman, and the following committee were responsible for the success of the affair: Katherine Murray, Mary Rita Connelly, Ida Donovan, Mary Barnwell, Mary Shannon, Olive Dalton, Mary M. Murphy, Rita Koen and Rita DeLeo.

On December eleventh the German Club sponsored a lecture by Reverend Henry M. Brock, S.J. Father Brock's topic was the *German Contribution to Science*, in which he showed the very distinguished and worthwhile contributions which the German scientists have made to biology, chemistry, physics and astronomy. Father Brock's talk, which was both entertaining and enlightening, was of interest to the German and science students. It has given us an even keener appreciation of the great work done by the Germans in the field of science.

At the Emmanuel League's December meeting the College Glee Club and Orchestra furnished the entertainment, assisted by Miss Anastasia Kirby, reader, and Miss Agnes McHugh, harpist. There were several encores for all. On January twelfth, Reverend Leo B. Gilleran, S.J., of Boston College, talked on the *Influence of the Church on Music*, and played numerous selections from various composers. It was unusually interesting and Father Gilleran was compelled to add to his piano solos. Tea was served after the lecture. The December and January bridge parties were held in the new League Room at the College and they were most successful. The room has been redecorated and furnished and there were many comments upon its attractiveness. The first day of February the League sponsored another bridge, tea and fashion show at Filene's, with Mrs. Edmond L. Grimes, chairman, Mrs. James A. Moore, vice-chairman, and a large committee, which resulted in another success. At the February meeting in the auditorium on the sixteenth of the month, the E. R. A. Orchestra gave a program and Miss Margaret O'Connell sang. The regular monthly bridge took place two days later in the League room and was a success.

On December eighteenth the gymnasium was alive with the gay and happy voices of the youngsters from the Home for Catholic Children. The Dramatic Society once again played hostess to the children, whom we were all happy to have with us again. It is an annual affair, but last year they were unable to come, much to our disappointment. They thoroughly enjoyed the Christ-

mas play, entitled *One Gift Above Another*, which proved that riches and wealth cannot guarantee happiness, and that Charity is the true spirit of Christmas. Those taking part were Dorothy Fell, Gertrude Duffy, Mary Cronin, Barbara Gill, Rose Stanton, Harriet Carritte, Helen O'Connor, Audrey Swendeman, Jeanne Busby, Dorothy Anderson, Margaret McCarthy, Marie Glaccum, Dorothy Cummings, Mary Donovan and Mary McGinn. Helen Goodwin was an exceptionally jolly and lovable Santa Claus, and we noticed that the children were all eager to tell how very good they had been all year. The most attractive part of the program was the presentation of gifts by Santa Claus, who kept her little audience enchanted with lively stories and songs. We were all sorry when it came time for them to leave and are awaiting their return visit next year.

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* * *

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ALUMNAE NEWS

CLASS OF THIRTY-FIVE

The class of 1935 started the new year with a well-attended class meeting at the New England Friendly Kitchen, Charles Street, Beacon Hill. Forty-five members were in attendance. Keep up the spirit, '35! Anastasia Kirby is the new treasurer, and Genevieve Connor is in charge of a pre-Lenten dance.

Pawtucket Senior High School has recently added a "most serene" teacher to its staff in the person of a former assistant literary editor of THE ETHOS, Frances O'Connor. We trust that Frances will be as popular with her pupils as is her classmate, Marguerite Berkley Carr with the students of Dedham High School, where she is teaching English. Marguerite, who, according to the 1935 Epilogue, is the "most interesting" girl in the class, has just been declared the "prettiest teacher" by her young admirers.

One of our Boston newspapers has added Agnes Handrahan to its staff. Agnes gained much experience as literary editor on both THE ETHOS and the Epilogue.

Margaret McGoohan, former vice-president of the Chemical Society, is a laboratory technician at the Tewksbury State Hospital.

CLASS OF THIRTY-FOUR

Teaching still leads in popularity with Emmanuel Alumnae. Loretta McGowan, former class treasurer, and Mary Murray, former Foreign Mission Society treasurer, are opening up the vaults of their knowledge to the pupils of the Woburn High School. Others taking up teaching careers are: Margaret Cullen in Berkley, Rhode Island; Dorothea Dunigan at Notre Dame, Tyngsboro; Gertrude Hickey and Mary Neylon in Somerville.

Thirty-four is well represented in social service fields by: Beth Turcotte in Fall River, Helene Scanlon in Providence and Mary Smith in the Boston Catholic Charitable Bureau.

Rosemary O'Neill is exercising the social and executive talents, fostered on tea dance and junior prom committees, as president of the Somerville Junior Catholic Women's Club.

Alice Hackett's efficiency, which was proved as business manager of THE ETHOS in '34, is again being put to the test. Alice is the new Corresponding Secretary of the Rhode Island chapter of the Alumnae.

The League House was the scene of a gay reunion of the class of '34, Sunday, December twenty-ninth. Thirty-five members from near and far enjoyed tea and made plans for a bridge and dance in April.

CLASS OF THIRTY-THREE

The presidency of that important Alumnae chapter in Rhode Island goes to stately Isabelle Powers, who receives double honors in this issue, for she has obtained a secretarial position with the Old Colony Trust, Providence.

Hearty congratulations to Marguerite Downey, who now signs her own daily column in the *Boston American*. What a relief to our Publicity Committee!

February twenty-first is the date which has been set for a gala dinner-dance in the Garden Room of the Biltmore by the Rhode Island Chapter. We know it will be a huge success.

Mary Feeney and Dot Hatch were both valuable assistants for the annual dance of the Holy Cross Club of Boston.

Mary Flatley, whose marriage to Mr. James Greeley of Gloucester occasioned so many felicitations from her classmates is again receiving congratulations. This time they are called forth by the birth of a lovely baby boy, who has been named for his daddy.

* * *

THE ETHOS staff extends sincere sympathy to Josephine Pillion, '38, on the recent death of her father.

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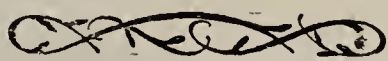
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TABLE OF CONTENTS



THE REALISM OF JANE AUSTEN.....	Barbara Ferguson, '36.....	71
CANTUS VITAE— <i>Verse</i>	Cornelia E. Sheehan, '36.....	74
MARYLAND RHAPSODY— <i>Verse</i>	Marie Glaccum, '39.....	74
THE HAPPIEST WOMAN.....	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	75
DE HEREDIA AND THE SONNET.....	Dorilla Brulé, '36.....	79
AS APRIL COMES— <i>Verse</i>	Marie Glaccum, '39.....	84
SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE TWENTY.....	Elinor L. O'Brien, '37.....	85
THE SHELL— <i>Verse</i>	Mary Dynan, '37.....	91
REVEILLE— <i>Verse</i>	Mary V. Roche, '36.....	92
KILLARNEY	Claire Busby, '37.....	93
MAGIC OF MAPS.....	Claire Busby, '37.....	94
A POET VIEWS A POET.....	Mary E. J. Curran, '36.....	97
"LIGHTS OUT"	Alice Quartz, '37.....	100
DREAMS	Rita M. Morris, '37.....	101
APRIL RAIN— <i>Verse</i>	Claire Busby, '37.....	102
HOME	Barbara McGrath, '37.....	103
ANOTHER SPRING— <i>Verse</i>	Claire Busby, '37.....	109
EDITORIAL		110
E. C. ECHOES		112
PATRONS AND PATRONESSES.....		114
VAGABOND— <i>Verse</i>	Dorothy Fahey, '37	115
ADVERTISEMENTS		116

THE REALISM OF JANE AUSTEN

BARBARA ANN FERGUSON '36

IT IS not difficult to conceive of the story of *Pride and Prejudice* as happening yesterday rather than in the eighteenth century, so essentially valid are Miss Austen's portraits of human beings and their foibles. The Mrs. Bennets and Miss Bingleys, the Collinses and Lady Catherines of the world are perennial, and can be found today in Albany and Terre Haute, as easily as in Meryton and Hunsford. Their lives could be minutely recorded and yet contain no mention of the Socialist Party in America, or of the Tea Pot Dome Scandal, for these things, however important politically, probably would have little if any effect upon their lives. In like manner, Jane Austen's canvas keeps the great social and political changes of her day in darkness and portrays only the immediate actions of her people in their every-day existence. "All that Bentham or Cobbett say in England, she leaves out of view." The story of the novel is laid in the period of the far-reaching industrial and agricultural revolution, the War with the American colonies, the Enlightenment in France, and the beginnings of the modern democratic spirit in Europe.

None of these enter directly into her literary world and few of them are even reflected there, though the rise of the bourgeois and the imitation of the manners of the landed gentry by the wealthy tradesmen are seen in the account of the Lucases and the Bingleys.

Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where he had made a tolerable fortune, and risen to the honor of knighthood. It had given him a disgust to his business and to his residence in a small market town, and he had removed with his family to a house about a mile from Meryton, denominated from that period, Lucas Lodge.

They were of a respectable family in the north of England; a circumstance more deeply impressed on their memories than that their brother's fortune and their own had been acquired by trade.

The salient motif of the novel is that a girl's sole destination is marriage, and her mother's chief business is getting her married. Mrs. Bennet epitomizes the matchmaker, and her daughters all accept their destiny, Jane and Elizabeth being remarkable only for their wiser and more fortunate choice in their husbands. The dowry system, requiring a portion for each of the five girls, left them in a poor way to marry well, as their father's estate was entailed to Mr. Collins. Romance solved the plight of the two elder girls and cleared the path for the younger ones.

The reflections of Charlotte Lucas exemplify the grossly material view of marriage commonly held at the time.

Without thinking highly either of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want.

Love, and a common fund of ideals and values, as the necessary basis for marriage is undreamt of by her family; Elizabeth alone seems aware of the unethical character of Charlotte's reason for the union. Nothing is more indicative of the substitution, at this period, of convention for morality than the marriage of Lydia to the worthless Wickham. Darcy is obliged to settle a fortune upon the rogue, Mr. Bennet to suffer him as a son-in-law, and Elizabeth to countenance him as a brother simply to give a silly girl covering for her foolhardy actions. Not that marriage renders Lydia less giddy and more sensible of her duties, for she continues to be a financial and social drag upon her older sisters. This giddiness is portrayed as resulting partly from Mrs. Bennet's lack of sense and from insufficient guidance of the mind into useful channels.

In Darcy's satirical words upon the highly accomplished young ladies who crocheted and made screens, we have a criticism of the ineffectual, shallow finishing given girls at seminaries. Serious reading of any nature interested a very few women, and the Gothic romance with its grotesque horror and sentimentalism found its readers among women whose minds lacked judgment and propor-

tion. Mrs. Bennet is highly indignant at Mr. Collins's intended compliment on her daughters' cookery; such an art implied poverty of servants, not a voluntary interest in the culinary art. Lacking these normal interests, the girls' time, especially that of Lydia and Catherine, was occupied, while still children, in walking to town, flirting with the officers, gossiping with their aunt, and attending dances. It is interesting to note how each of the girls is individualized, considering the slight amount of externalization of character in Jane Austen's novels.

The chief social event was the assembly, a small private party. Wealthy people held their own balls, where dancing was enjoyed by all the young people, such as that given at Netherfield. The relationship of men and women meant only one thing then, as is indicated by hopes created in Jane's and her mother's minds by Bingley's dancing twice with Jane. Darcy's insistence upon being just to Elizabeth's character to Miss Bingley brings forth an immediate congratulation for his choice in a bride. As Darcy remarks:

A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment.

I knew you would be wishing me joy.

Among the amusements of the day were the games of loo, backgammon, whist and charades. Playing the pianoforte and singing were part of a girl's education, and those lacking in beauty were supposed to cover up their deficiency by practicing constantly, as Lady Catherine admonishes Elizabeth.

The position of the English clergy during the age is revealed in the servile fawning of the witless Collins upon his patroness. One can well imagine the quality of spiritual consolation Collins might offer to his parishioners. During Elizabeth's stay at Hunsford we are shown the staid complacency of the landed gentry, with no vision beyond their own grounds; Lady Catherine's life is made up of dull dinners, duller sermons, and still more dull, pious platitudes, all to the tune, "do as I do." Miss Austen neatly sums up the tenor of her existence as "superlatively stupid."

Miss Austen's characters are not overdrawn as those of Dickens, and their idiosyncrasies have a more rational and environmental basis. All her people are familiar to us, despite their living in rural England of two centuries ago.

CANTUS VITAE

Cornelia E. Sheehan '36

Sing a song of you and me,
Send a melody on high
Praying in your heart of hearts
That its sweetness never die.

Trill it clearly in the dawn light,
Pipe it bravely through the day,
Let it carol love and laughter—
All the sad-sweet joy of May.

Hymn it gently in the evening,
While its mellow echo swells
In the valley of the mountains,
Where the Moon Maid, pensive dwells.

Sing this song of you and me,
Send it in a silver guise
Through the darkness of the night time—
Slender key to Paradise.

MARYLAND RHAPSODY

Marie Glaccum '39

I saw in full consistory
A tree of crested cardinals.
Their scarlet was a rhapsody
Of bright melodic intervals.
The mockingbird is dull to see,
His song alone is leaping fire;
But the cardinal only has to be—
To chant aloud life's young desire!

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

THE LAST rays of the September sunlight slanted across the old doorsill. It was six o'clock, almost time for darkness to be setting in. The woman standing in the doorway put up her hand, as if to shade her eyes, then passed it across them wearily. Her gaze was fixed on the outline of the distant hills . . . the hills her grandmother and her great-grandmother had looked on and loved. For a long time she remained there, motionless, her slight figure seeming to straighten and gain strength from their beauty. At last she turned and went slowly in the house, closing the door quietly, but firmly behind her.

"Well, old girl," came a mocking voice from the living-room, "has the beauty of the view been strengthening your soul again? Or is that what it does? I'm afraid I've forgotten."

Marion Burnley stood in the wide French doorway, strangely incongruous in this house, and gazed dispassionately at the man she had married three years ago.

"No!" she replied levelly. "I was testing my powers as a weather prophet. I hope it doesn't become too cold before the crowd comes."

"No danger. They'll be here in a couple of hours."

"I suppose so. Is everything ready?" Then, before her question was answered she went to the stairway and up to her room.

Once there she dropped quietly into a gaily cretonned chair and closed her eyes. Strange how tired she was. She seldom felt physical weariness. "It's the idea of that crowd coming here. Ten of them. I don't mind having them in the other house, but here . . ." Her fingers drummed restlessly on the chair-arm.

All day she had been rebellious. It had been Gordon's idea, inviting the crowd from the city up for the week-end. She didn't want them. She hated having them come to this house. For the

past two years it had been the only place in which she could be even remotely happy, and she wanted to keep it her own. She had had it remodelled to please Gordon, to keep him contented here, even though it had hurt her unbearably to do it. Since she was old enough to understand, the old home her great-grandparents had built had been a symbol of love and contentment to her. She loved it as she knew they had. After her mother's death she had lived there for nearly four years; except for the two servants, completely alone . . . that is, until Martha and Jack Burns had brought Gordon Burnley up for a week-end. His wit and gay charm had filled her with a vague dissatisfaction. Gradually she realized that she was afraid of being left alone. She was perilously close to thirty. What if she did have all the money she could possibly need? She wanted more than that from life. So when Gordon made his beautifully worded proposal, she had accepted him. Martha had been jubilant.

"Marion, you're the luckiest woman that ever lived. All the girls have been after Gordon Burnley for years. Why, he's simply marvellous! You'll be ideally happy!"

Marion had blushed charmingly and said of course she would. She knew what Gordon was like, didn't she? Otherwise she wouldn't be marrying him. And for the first six months she had been ideally happy. Then Gordon grew restless. There was a party here, a party there. They must go. He liked the house in town. He urged Marion to sell "that old shack up on the other side of nowhere." With the way property was going up, they could get a good price for it. Next summer they might build at some smart resort.

Marion had yielded almost everything. This point she refused to concede. The house was hers, she loved it. The hills gave her something she could find nowhere else. She would not sell it. She did, however, have it remodelled. The old colonial furniture irritated him, so she had it modernized for his benefit.

She had told no one how she felt. No one would understand. "Gordon's a perfect husband for any girl," said the women. "A fine fellow," agreed the men. They could not know the emptiness beneath the charm; the hurt that could be dealt by the sparkling wit. How could they understand the suddenness with which the gay carelessness turned to a carefully calculated cruelty?

Marion had never hated her husband. She looked at him with a stranger's eyes and saw him for what he was, for what he had always been, underneath. And she went on keeping up outward appearances always, in private ignoring his thrusts, pretending to herself that things were as they had been in the first months of their marriage.

Now she opened her eyes and glanced at her watch—quarter to eight and she was not dressed to receive her guests. She was cramped after her dozing but she rose quickly. In half an hour she was downstairs with Gordon, waiting for their guests.

A horn sounded shrilly in the driveway and powerful lights were turned on the windows. In a few minutes they were all in the living-room standing by the fireplace, exclaiming over the unexpected chill in the air.

"Yes," said Gordon, "it gets cold early up here. Marion was hoping this afternoon that it wouldn't strike you too suddenly."

They dropped coats and hats into the outstretched arms of the two impeccable maids and began to talk animatedly.

"My dear, things have been dreadful in town."

"There hasn't been a thing happening. Not a——"

"Marion, Eleanor Patterson is engaged."

"To Bill, of course?"

"No! I've been dying to tell you. To a French count who has been a guest at Curtio's for a month. Her father is shocked. He hasn't a cent!"

"Marion," her husband called, "how about some bridge?"

"All right. I'll tell Mary to set up the tables."

They settled down to the cards with the same wild enthusiasm which was part of their way of doing everything. The game was continually interrupted by someone putting on the radio, turning it off, hunting an ash-tray or a new pack of cards.

"Some fun, eh, Marion?" Her husband strolled over to her table, slipping an arm across her shoulders.

Jack Burns grinned at Marion indulgently. "Woman, we all know your husband would like to be at this table with you, but for heaven's sake can't you get rid of him, so we can play a half-decent game?"

"All right, all right—I'll leave you in peace." He sauntered off.

Marion shivered ever so slightly, then laughed gaily at some quick retort of Martha to her husband. What an interminable evening. It was one o'clock already and they were just beginning. Gordon was suggesting a bite to eat. The radio was blaring forth the newest hit. Her head ached abominably. If only she could go to bed. She always felt better in the morning.

Finally, about three-thirty, they decided to call it a day. They bade each other gay good-nights and straggled up the stairs. On the landing Gordon caught up with Marion.

"I've asked the crowd to stay next week. They'll be here for the holiday so we can have a good party."

Marion stood still and looked at him. "Gordon, I told you last week that I had planned for the holiday. You knew that Helen was coming up next week with Bobby and Claire. How can she come with two children and have a good time if the crowd stays?"

Gordon's face darkened. "Listen, Marion. I like this crowd. I've asked them to stay and they're going to stay. You can write to Helen. Tell her I'm sick—tell her anything. I'm sick of this forsaken place and I intend to have a little amusement for a change."

As he spoke, Marion's face whitened. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Her features became expressionless. "Very well, Gordon. I'll write and tell her to postpone her visit for a few weeks."

Martha and Jack were the last to go upstairs. "Jack," Martha said suddenly, "do you know that there are times when I almost envy Marion?"

"Envy her? You women are all alike. Just let a woman have a handsome husband and off you go. What's the matter with me?"

"Nothing, darling. You know I didn't mean that. But, Marion——" her voice trailed off wistfully, then became firm with conviction—

"She has everything. We all know it. Money, a husband who adores her, everything. Marion Burnley is the very happiest woman I know!"

DE HEREDIA AND THE SONNET

DORILLA BRULÉ '36

SONNETS have been written since Petrarch's day and in many languages; yet very few have reached the heights to which De Hérédia has elevated them. It is relatively easy to write fourteen lines of labored versification, but a good sonnet is undeniably a test of genius. Jose-Maria de Hérédia (1842-1905) wrote but one book, *Les Trophées*. He did only one thing—but he did it well.

The difficulties of the sonnet are well-known to the student of poetry. The brevity and the rigidity of its structure beset the efforts of the bravest sonneteer. Strangely enough, however, De Hérédia seems to have enjoyed all the handicaps of the sonnet. Not only has he not yielded to them in defeat, but he has subdued them with masterly skill. For him, the brevity of the sonnet is not a danger: he can condense in fourteen lines what many a poet can not say in a full page of blank verse. All his works imply a great deal of erudition and many years of patient study. In spite of this, his poems are masterpieces of abridgement. Each of his sonnets, it has been said, is "as large as an epic." This is particularly true of *L'Oubli*:

Le temple est en ruine au haut du promontoire.
Et la Mort a mêlé, dans ce fauve terrain,
Les Déesses de marbre et les Héros d'airain
Dont l'herbe solitaire ensevelit la gloire.

Seul, parfois, un bouvier menant ses buffles boire,
De sa conque où soupire un antique refrain
Emplissant le ciel calme et l'horizon marin,
Sur l'azur infini dresse sa forme noire.

La Terre maternelle et douce aux anciens Dieux
Fait à chaque printemps, vainement éloquente,
Au chapiteau brisé verdir une autre acanthe;

Mais l'Homme indifférent au rêve des aïeux
Ecoute sans frémir, du fond des nuits sereines,
La Mer qui se lamente en pleurant les Sirènes.

This poem displays remarkable insight into the religious and mythological aspects of Ancient Greece. The march of time has dimmed the glory of this old race, but as we look back upon history, is there anything more characteristic of Greece than ancient temples, gods, and ruins?

The muse of De Hérédia is also very subtle and complicated. Under the light of its inspiration, the sonnet becomes a condensed but developed organism, varied in its functions and enlarged in its scope. It retains its essential rigidity but assumes the highest perfection of form and general treatment. The poet observes all the exigencies of the sonnet, not as an artist of mediocre ability, but as a master in his art. Moreover, De Hérédia has the unique power of fusing idea and form: he forwards the unity of the total product not only through epithet, but through image, word, rhyme, and rhythm. In his work, every detail lends itself to the creation of a striking effect.

It is well known that the essential unit of French verse is not, as in English poetry, the regular recurring rhythmic foot, but the syllable itself. Yet rhythm is in no sense excluded from French poetry. As early as the seventeenth century, rhythmic measures became a vitally important element in poetic expression. In his sonnets, De Hérédia makes use of the most common line, the Alexandrine of the classical period, with its two fixed accents on the sixth and twelfth syllables, and two other accents which may be placed at will. Hence the Alexandrine is not only syllabic, it is also rhythmic in structure. De Hérédia uses this arrangement to produce definite artistic effects, and the result is very striking. A good example of this may be found in *Les Conquérants*:

Comme un vol | de gerfauts || hors du charnier | natal, ||
Fatigués | de porter || leurs misè|res hautaines, ||
De Palos | de Moguer, || routiers | et capitaines |
Partaient, | ivres d'un rê||ve héroï|que et brutal. ||

Ils allaient | conquérir || le fabuleux | métal |
Que Cipango | mûrit || dans ses mi|nes lointaines, ||
Et les vents | alizés || inclinaient | leurs antennes |
Aux bords | mystérieux || du mon|de Occidental. ||

Chaque soir, | espérant || des lendemains | épiques, ||
L'azur | phosprorescent || de la mer | des Tropiques |
Enchantait | leur sommeil || d'un mira|ge doré; ||

Ou penchés | à l'avant || des blan | ches caravelles, ||
Ils regardaint | monter || en un ciel ignoré |
Du fond | de l'océan || des étoi|les nouvelles. ||

If anyone observes the pauses of the caesura and of the "coupe" while reading this poem out loud, he will experience the strange sensation of the majestic heaving of the waves in mid-ocean. The same is true of *Épiphanie*. In this sonnet, the rhythm faithfully reproduces the swaying movement of the slow and balanced walk of the camel.

De Hérédia has many resources, both of eloquence and of erudition. He is especially strong and suggestive in his diction. The conqueror's dream is called a "rêve héroïque et brutal"—heroic because of the knightly adventure involved; brutal because gold was the object of his search. The diction also plays a particular vital part in the delightful *Hûchier de Nazareth*:

Le bon maître hûchier, pour finir un dressoir
Courbé sur l'établi depuis l'aurore ahane
Maniant tour à tour le rabot, le bédane
Et la râpe grinçante ou le dur polissoir.

Aussi, non sans plaisir, a-t-il vu, vers le soir,
S'allonger jusqu'au seuil l'ombre du grand platane
Où madame la Vierge et sa mère sainte Anne
Et Monseigneur Jésus près du lui vont s'asseoir.

L'air est brûlant et pas une feuille ne bouge
Et saint Joseph, très las, a laissé choir la gouge
En s'essuyant le front au coin du tablier.

Mais l'Apprenti divin qu'une gloire enveloppe
Fait toujours, dans le fond obscur de l'atelier
Voler les copeaux d'or au fil de sa varlope.

In this poem it is the word which adds a medieval touch to a theme of the Middle Ages. In the very title, the word "hûchier" is archaic and no longer admitted by French usage. "Apprenti" and "Maître" are also characteristic of the Middle Ages—the era so famous for industrial guilds. The vocabulary of this sonnet is also very precise and technical: one must almost be a carpenter in order to understand it fully. In fact all the words of De Hérédia are so judiciously chosen that only the historian or the scientist can appreciate them at their real value. In the poem *Épiphanie*, De Hérédia once more makes use of the word to convey another aspect of the Middle Ages. For instance he writes "Augustus César" not "Auguste César" to indicate the close relationship of the medieval French with the Latin.

C'est ainsi qu'autrefois, sous Augustus César,
Sont venus, présentant l'or, l'encens, et la myrrhe
Les Rois mages, Gaspar, Melchior et Balthazar.

The most striking feature, however, of De Hérédia's sonnet is found in the last line. It generally opens new vistas before the mind wherein thought may wander fancifully and freely and even sense some of the mystery of the infinite. While it formally closes the poem, it really opens a new range of thought. Observe the final touch in *Les Conquérants* or in *Le Hûchier de Nazareth*. And who does not love the last verses of *Antoine et Cléopâtre*:

Et ses yeux n'ont pas vu, présage de son sort,
Auprès d'elle, effeuillant sur l'eau sombre des roses,
Les deux Enfants divins, le Désir et la Mort. (Le Cydnus.)

Et sur elle courbé, l'ardent Impérator
Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or
Tout une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

(Antoine et Cléopâtre.)

New stars dawn in the visions of poet or conqueror. Anthony sees the flight of galleys in Cleopatra's eyes; Cleopatra is blissfully ignorant of her impending fate: Desire culminated by Death.

There is no doubt that De Hérédia has mastered the difficulties of the sonnet; but he has done something more. He has also adorned it with beautiful ornaments such as color and scope. Never have verses pictured more truthfully the essential characteristics of each emblem considered, or the ever changing scenery of the different localities. In truth can anything be more Greek than *L'Oubli*, more Roman than *Après Cannes*, more Venetian than the charming *La Dogaresse*, or more Japanese than *Le Daïmio*? Pictorial quality is especially vivid in *Le Récif de Corail*; in this poem we have exceedingly brilliant coloring:

De sa splendide écaille éteignant les émaux,
Un grand poisson navigue à travers les rameaux;
Dans l'ombre transparente indolemment il rode;

Et, brusquement, d'un coup de sa nageoire en feu
Il fait, par le cristal morne, immobile, et bleu,
Courir un frisson d'or, de nacre et d'émeraude.

De Hérédia might seem intoxicated with gems and colors, were it not that he always gives us the feeling of mastery and choice.

There seem to be no boundaries to the scope of his art. The races and epochs included in his survey are Greece, Rome, The Middle Ages, the Renaissance, colorful Venice, old Japan, the Orient and the Tropics, Nature and Reverie. Within the narrow proportions of the sonnet, he has fully sketched the loftiest themes.

With the appearance of *Les Trophées* in 1893, the French sonnet has indeed soared to prodigious heights. Perhaps no one will ever equal De Hérédia's undeniable skill in the happy combination of science and poetry, of objectivity and lyricism, of beauty and truth in the sonnet.

AS APRIL COMES

Marie Glaccum '39

Green trees, and the returning melodies
Of birds that stop their flight to sing
And then again take wing.
A smile made to replace the frown upon a face.
A winding trail
To climb. Cool water in a desert space.
A mockingbird sweet-voicing in the dark.
The welcoming hail
Of dear ones.
A kindly critical and wise remark
When needed most. The stark
Clear beauty of a copper mountain. Sleep,
Dreamless and deep. The first sheer
Loveliness of dawn. Wild, nameless flowers—
Quiet working hours—
An understanding person very near and dear,
One utterly to be depended on. The bright calm
Of stars above the restless sea. A long,
Long memory holding fast the last
Two verses of the twenty-seventh Psalm.
A higher faith and firmer hope
Which make each hard, steep
Hill change to a gentle, upward-leading slope.

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE TWENTY

ELINOR L. O'BRIEN '37

FAY stretched, yawned, and snuggled down under the blanket again. The gesture might not have been approved among those who "know," but it was eloquent. It meant that Fay was feeling very lazy, luxurious, and warm, as a kitten might. Soft brown hair in a fly-away bob blowed about a piquant little face that was not at all extraordinary, although in maturity it might perhaps be. That was just the point—it was time that Fay should begin to look and act just a little more mature, and isn't it odd? She didn't want to!

That was the reason for the little frown and the pursed lips as her eyes caught the letter on the table beside her; a letter from her father that hinted at all those things that Fay had been in the habit of ignoring. She would shake her curls very decidedly, and say with determination:

"No! I don't want it at all, and I won't have it!"

So when Peg, her room-mate, came in at that moment and caught the pursed lips and little frown she naturally asked: "What's up?" and realized that she had let herself in for something.

"This is up. I'm going to be twenty on the seventeenth, that's over the vacation, and this"—waving the letter dramatically—"is from dad, saying that he is looking forward to a nice long chat with his little girl, now that I'm grown up and twenty. I must realize that I'm a woman, and the whole idea—womanly responsibility and all that sort of thing—seems to be making him very proud and happy. Oh, Peggy, doesn't it sound dreadful?"

"What's dreadful about it? Peggy's voice had just a hint of a catch in it, but her eyes never wavered. "You're lucky to have a father to feel that way about you—but then—you couldn't be expected to realize that."

Fay had touched a sore spot and was sorry, but it wasn't like her to lose much time over it. She went on:

"You know what I mean—that grown-up woman thing. I don't want to grow up, Peggy. You get old and people just stop doing things for you, and they begin to expect things from you instead."

Peg's lip curled a bit ironically as she began sorting her books, but she only remarked:

"If you want to make that late French class before it is half over, you had better roll off that chaise-longue and start flicking your powder puff."

"Ho-hum"—the kitten stretched again and pushed the blanket on to the floor.

"Guess you're right—you'll fix the lounge, won't you, Peggy darling?" Then brushing the puff across her nose she went back to her argument.

"I'm serious about that, though, Peggy. I don't want to start getting old."

"What makes you think that twenty is old?"

"Well, it means leaving your teens, and then, look at you, and Dot and Mae. You are all twenty and you act so much older than I do. Why, everybody says I look so *young* to be in college!"

The emphasis on the *young* brought another smile to Peg's lips, but it wasn't without affection that she said:

"Hurry up, Fay, will you? Another cut and you'll be 'out' of that course. We can have a 'round-table' about the whole thing tonight."

* * *

The "round-table" was a popular indoor sport for the crowd at night. For about a half-hour before retiring, bath-robed and slippered, they would gather in one room or another to go over the events of the day, or one particular event, as the occasion demanded. Tonight Peg and Fay played hostesses, with Fay propped up with pillows on the lounge, holding entire sway.

"What do I expect? Nothing when you come right down to it. Nothing more than I've been getting all my life. I don't care about men the way you do—a dance or a date occasionally, and I'm satisfied. I don't want to get married right now. That's all

you think matters. If mother and dad just keep me in clothes, and let me enjoy myself, I'm satisfied. This heart-to-heart talk idea makes me shudder. It means an allowance—I know it! Can you imagine *me* with an allowance?"

She paused to make the necessary dramatic gesture and to get her breath, but Dot Lawrence took it up from there.

"Yes, you with an allowance would be staggering, Fay. It would probably keep us in clothes for a year, but that's beside the point. No one is trying to marry you off. We're not thinking of marrying ourselves—that is immediately. It's just the independence that comes with growing up that we enjoy."

"And another thing," supplied Mae. "You say that you enjoy an occasional date or dance, Fay. You do—just so you can say that you have been some place and can have an opportunity of wearing those grand evening gowns of yours. It isn't for the pleasure of the companionship of some fine boy. As far as they are concerned you would be satisfied at home with a magazine and the radio. Honestly, Fay, I can't understand you."

Peg started passing chocolates around the circle and remarked:

"Way down deep in her heart Fay has an ideal. She's waiting for him. Isn't that the answer, Fay?"

Fay disposed of a chocolate cherry before answering, and then was most vehement.

"No—honestly, I haven't any one, or any type in mind. I just don't care for any one I've ever met—and I'm in no hurry to meet any one. Besides my mother doesn't want me to grow up yet, either."

"Mm—mm"—the murmur and nodding of heads went around the room. The group knew that it had struck the bulwark in their conversation; the cause behind the effect. Poor Mr. Tolman—he'd have his difficulties with his heart-to-heart talk.

"Well," said the more blunt Dot, rising to take her leave, "you'll probably wake up some day to find yourself left very much behind—but that won't bother you till that day comes. Come on, everybody, let's get to bed. We'll have to get up early in the morning to pack, except Peggy, ambitious soul, she's all packed. 'Night, Peg, I'll take another piece of candy. 'Night, Fay, don't be mad at us, we're just mean."

In the bustle and rush of the next two weeks' vacation, the "round-table" and the problems of the group were forgotten in each individual's affairs.

On the first night back at "Hudson," the crowd finally assembled in Dot's room and talked to its heart's content. Fay, perched on a hassock by Peg's easy chair, sat with her chin in her hands without so much as saying a word, extraordinary for Fay!

"Look, Fay, don't you love it?"

"Fay Tolman!"

"Hm—oh, what did you say, Mae?"

"I said don't you love Dot's suit. What on earth is the matter with you, you haven't said a word all night?"

"There's nothing the matter with me. I just haven't had a chance to say a word. Here, let's see the suit, Dot. Oh-h, *where* did you get it? I *love* it!"

Dot allowed her to examine the suit for a few moments, then pounced on her.

"Well, for someone who has just had a birthday and all that goes with it, you're strangely quiet. You might tell us what you got, if you won't show us."

Fay laughed. "Oh, I got the usual number of trinkets, jewelry, etc., etc. That is where the surprise comes in. Come in tomorrow night and everything will be on display. Just now I'm tired and I think I'll go to bed. Good night, everybody!"

Peg and Fay sauntered back to their room and began to prepare for bed. Finally, Fay, giving her hair a vigorous brushing, asked:

"How do you manage to budget your allowance, Peg?"

Peg looked at her in amazement, then laughed—

"Oh, so you got it after all?"

"I asked for it right before I came back."

"You—what?" Peg managed to gasp.

"I asked for it. Now don't laugh, Peggy. Really, I think I have been babied and pampered too much. I want to learn to take a little responsibility. I know an allowance isn't much, but it's a start for me."

Peg just turned from the closet and stared before she finally managed to say:

"Why—I'll show you how I manage mine any time you want me to. It's a good idea." After a few minutes of silence Peg ventured again:

"Will you show me the new outfit tonight or must I wait until tomorrow, too?"

"No—I'll show it—to you. It—it's a little bit different from what I have been wearing, though I think after you get used to me in it you'll like it. Look—here's the coat."

"M—mm—beige. I like it!"

"And here's the dress. It's more or less tailored. The hat and shoes go with it—and look, Peggy, by combing my hair back this way I can make it look ever so much smarter, don't you think so?"

"Well—yes, it's smart, but the way you always wore it looked cute."

"Cute! !" Fay exploded. "Cute! I don't want to be called cute again as long as I live!"

Peg looked at her quizzically and noticed her eyes fill up as she traced the edge of her brush with her fingers. Deciding to get to the bottom of things she went over and sat beside her.

"Something has changed you since the vacation, Fay, what is it?"

"It's only that—well, first—promise that you won't tell anyone."

"No—not a soul! You don't have to tell me if you would rather not."

"It's just that I suddenly woke up to the fact that you and Dot and Mae were right. I have been acting like a little fool, sitting around on a cushion while everybody brought me my strawberries and cream. Why, I hated doing things for myself. I wanted to be babied!"

"And what made you wake up?"

"Someone who called me cute."

"There is nothing unusual about that. Everyone has always called you cute. You are—that is you were, just the type to be called cute."

"I know it! Well, you see dad and mother arranged a party of six for dining and dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria the night of my birthday. The six were dad and mother, Sally and Jim and a

young man, an outside manager from dad's firm who has been working with him in New York for the past month. His name is Ken Morton."

Peggy's eyes took on a knowing sparkle as she murmured:

"The plot begins to unravel!"

Fay went on as if she had not been interrupted:

"Honestly Peggy, I want to tell you what a grand time I had. I've been to the Waldorf-Astoria before, but somehow it was different. I can't explain it!"

"You don't have to——"

"We danced a lot. Ken, that is Mr. Morton, is a good dancer."

"You mean the young man from father's firm?"

"Yes—oh, Peggy you're laughing at me!"

"No—honestly Fay. I think it's all very marvelous."

"Well, I admit I did think he was very nice. Different, somehow, I don't know exactly how. I saw him at the house several times after that. I'd always dress up in my frothiest gown and frills and think I looked pretty nice. One night I went into Sally's room to ask if I looked all right. She said I did, but that I looked more like an ornament than anything useful. She is always saying things like that. I didn't pay any attention to her but started down the stairs. Just before I got to the library I heard dad mention me, then Mr. Morton said, "Yes, she is a cute youngster, Mr. Tolman." Dad said I was not such a youngster but was twenty. Mr. Morton seemed astounded and said he thought I was no more than sixteen. Imagine sixteen and *cute*!"

Fay stopped, biting her lips in memory of it. Peg said nothing.

"Well, I just went right upstairs and refused to come down again that night. I started thinking right then and there and decided that I had had enough of being an ornament. But Peg—he must still think I'm childish and young!"

"Don't let that bother you. By the next vacation you'll be a different person."

And with that the two retired.

* * * * *

Spring had grown into May, warm, humid and fragrant. All during the hum-drum class work and occasional socials, Fay had

been taking herself and her work seriously. Except for Peg, no one else knew what was the reason, but almost everyone had noticed the change. Fay was delighted with herself, and enjoyed herself immensely.

One afternoon toward the end of May, Fay was called in from a game of tennis to the phone.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Fay?"

"Yes."

"This is Ken Morton—do you remember?"—rather anxiously.

"Why—why, yes, hello Ken—where are you?" Fay's heart was thumping in her throat.

"I'm up for the week-end and I have a note for you from your father. May I come up tonight—about eight?"

"About eight? Why, yes, of course, Ken. Come right along."

She flew up to her room.

"Peg! Peg! what am I going to do! Come here, quick! Tell me what to wear! !"

By eight with Peg's help she was dressed, combed and calmed—to a certain extent at least. When the bell rang she was able to saunter down nonchalantly enough and (looks belie) look perfectly at ease.

Later the same evening she came to Peg, her eyes shining.

"Well?" queried Peg, the helpful one.

"Oh, Peggy," she was ecstatic, "he said I looked stunning!"

THE SHELL

Mary Dynan '37

Murmuring messages of the sea,
Carrying tunes of loneliness,
Pouring forth your soul to me,
Singing on eternally.

Whispering lullabies of the deep,
Do you sing of woe or cheer?
Secret tales from us, you keep—
Should we laugh, or should we weep?

REVEILLE

Mary V. Roche '36

I heard a lark today—
He sang two songs at dawn—
The first, a paeon of praise
The next, a lilt of love.
His music, molten, dripped
And quivered in the pool
Of silence that lay deep
Athwart the sleeping earth.

The ripples of his song
Ranged ever wider, till
They waked the waters to
New animation.
Such loveliness must not,
Though gone from sight, be lost
Forever.

I think it comes at length to rest
Upon the warmth of earth's young breast;
It seems the flowers of spring must be
Conceived of such glad harmony.

KILLARNEY

CLAIRE BUSBY '37

//T HE country at the end of the earth," as Ireland has been called, has many magnificent spots. In fact this fairy land is all beautiful. Yet Killarney has a very special attraction all its own. Delightful soft breezes and a wonderful misty light lend an enchantment to the three lovely lakes and their surroundings, as one climbs the little hills for grand views of their tiny islands and gushing waterfalls. The glorious trees and shrubs, the wild flowers, the leaping cascades and wild gorges between the mountains, present a striking picture, tinged with the varying colors of the steep slopes. It is no wonder the poets were inspired to write of the fairy isle!

Here nature resides in her full glory and majesty, "showing off" in all her color and splendor. The quiet waters of the lakes are a purple blue, running far into the heart of the mountains. Strong blades of grass offer a perfect background for the stately gray projecting rocks and the vari-colored flowers, for in no other land is grass that particular green.

The upper lake stretches out majestically for three miles and is by far the wildest of the three. Its blue and shining waters are hemmed in by a picturesque roadway, frequented by jaunting cars and tallyhoes. The upper lake is the most beautiful although it is the smallest. The margins, with the wooded hills beyond, have been described as the most beautiful shore in the world. Middle lake is in some respects the loveliest, as it lends an atmosphere of charm and peace. Thirty-five islands show their proud heads in lower lake, of which sweet Innisfallen is the largest. Here, too, we see the huge Colleen Bawn Rock, rising out of the water as if standing guard over the majestic waters and luxurious growth of wild flowers. On Innisfallen there are the ivy-clad ruins of an abbey built by Saint Finnian, the Leper, early in the seventh

century. Like those of his other abbey churches at Aghadoe, it shows clearly that certain characteristic features usually called Norman, were beautifully used by the Irish builders five centuries before the Norman invaders crossed the Irish Sea.

The lakes are joined, one to the other and each bows to its faithful companions at the "meeting of the waters," where flowers pile themselves high on the gray stone walls. The whole district is alive with joy and at this we do not wonder—how could it be otherwise in such surroundings? All the lanes and pathways are hedged with fuchsias hanging their blood-red tassels over battalions of six-foot foxgloves, and there are Canterbury Bells by the million. Sturdy English ivy is so abundant that it is trampled on as it forms a soft carpeting on the quiet lanes embanked with rhododendrons. Yet the tinkling waters of the three beautiful lakes ripple on their enchanting course, encouraged by the incense of wild roses alive with humming bees. Surely here are the poet's banks!

"—where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

THE MAGIC OF MAPS

CLAIRE BUSBY '37

LAST year I spent a few hours in a lovely old New England home. There was a log fire that crackled and gossiped about roast apples, chestnuts and popcorn. There was an old maple settle, piled high with bright cushions. There were chintz-covered wing chairs, so inviting, that cinnamon toast, tea and a cozy chat followed as a necessary part of the picture. Above the bookshelves, near the fire-place hung a map, a lovely old map, mellowed by age to the soft tones of a Persian rug.

Since viewing that one, maps have fascinated me. I simply cannot resist their magic; I beg to be left alone with them.

Over the tea-cups, I looked at the old map, a map of the world, two grey-green circles, bordered by a faded blue ocean. I would be strong-minded and not give in; nothing could lure me from the comfort of the wing chair. . . . Then I noticed little spots of color on the circles, yellow, rose and mauve, those must be the countries. What different shapes would their boundaries outline on the maps of today? And there in the upper corner, was it possible a funny little face with cheeks puffed out, blowing the north wind over the unexplored arctic regions? It could not be helped; with a murmured apology to my hostess, I was standing tip-toe before the bookshelves, thrilling to the message from an age when central Africa and the frozen north presented unbroken frontiers to adventurous souls. Embroidered in silk, framed in dull mahogany, here was a story as dramatic and romantic as any old world history or tale of adventure I had ever read.

Suddenly I noticed a red embroidered line which, I was told, marked the course of a recent long distance ocean flight. What a contrast! An aviator's world flight, embroidered across an unexplored area of a map, made even before the clipper ships sailed the seven seas. What would the map-maker have thought of an aeroplane? Magic, pure magic! An exaggerated fairy-tale that could not be true; a magic caused by a collision of modern methods with old ones; modern history and ancient; accessibility and isolation. Yesterday's fairy-tale is today's fact. The magician is only one step ahead of his audience!

No fairy-tale is so rich in romance, stir of adventure and high courage as a map. Camel caravans, rocking and swaying with Marco Polo over burning desert sands, add a new little black line on a chart. Spanish galleons and Viking ships give a wavering, uncertain line that is the new world. Dog-sleds make new boundaries in the frozen arctic. Men in sun helmets hew their way through jungles to paint colored patches in the central part of the map of Africa.

On Cape Cod, in a tiny cottage, furnished like the cabin of a whaling ship, a dear little old lady once showed me the charts her father had made, to prove that the earth was flat. He had been captain of a whaling fleet and charged his men never to go beyond

a certain point or their ships would be forced over the edge of the world in a seething waterfall. As I looked at the charts, illustrated with tiny drawings of spouting whales, ships, and even a sea monster, I marvelled at the courage it must have taken to sail on an unchartered ocean in the face of such a belief.

Many of the early maps are adorned with pictures showing the plants, animals, and the natives found by the explorers in the different countries. There is a colorful map of the Gulf of Mexico made in 1520. Two ships with bulging sails, beautifully drawn, are coming into the bay. On the shore in the midst of palm trees, an Indian with a feather head-dress stands with drawn bow. At the top of the land, a strip of sand labeled "La Florida," is almost completely covered with a writhing crocodile, while a large snake basks beneath palm trees on the opposite shore. Another sixteenth century map of New England fairly bristles with savages wielding spears, while buffalo and cactus show the fauna and flora of the new country.

Our modern maps, particularly those of our own beautiful land, are drawn to perfection. Many of them are pictured with different historical events which made the map possible. The explorers, the settlers, the Franciscan Friars, the battles of each war, all are given a place of prominence in these libraries of adventure.

"The entire macrocosm, the starry heavens from horizon to horizon can be reflected in a drop of dew." I always think of this ancient saying when I look at a picture map. What years of effort, what courage, how many lost lives and lost ships are reflected in a single drawing! Men fared forth in glittering armor, in buckskin and in furs, to return, if they returned at all, in rags, ravaged with disease and starvation, with new knowledge and a little map. Armies have advanced against other armies, cannons have roared, men have died, countries have been sacrificed, and a little black boundary line has been moved. A new map is made!

A POET VIEWS A POET

MARY E. J. CURRAN '36

AT THE turn of the century and in the early nineteen hundreds, new literary forces were beginning to assert themselves in America, tending towards a complete overturning of the old forms of poetry and with a decided tendency to strike out in new fields of thought and metre. The polished rhythms of Longfellow and Lowell were discarded, the conventional themes of Bryant and Whittier were cast aside, to make way for the "rugged individualism" which had been preached by Walt Whitman and eagerly taken up by his disciples.

Interested in this new literary movement were Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters. These two poets, both of the Middle-West and fired with the desire to raise common-place objects to a place of dignity as subject-matter for poetry, became outstanding figures in this "new poetry movement." Thus, when we find that Edgar Lee Masters has written a biography of his confrère, Vachel Lindsay, we are instantly interested, for we feel that he is peculiarly suited for this task.

Both wrote of ordinary objects, although Lindsay went beyond this one sphere in search of fanciful and idealistic subjects for his poetry. They both lived in the same environment; both understood the same political and social conditions of their time and both knew the characteristics of the people of whom they wrote. But here the similarity ends. Where Lindsay glorified the small town as the back-bone of the nation, depicting the unsung heroism in the daily lives of its citizens, Masters satirizes, often bitterly and vindictively, the smugness and complacency of these same small-town people. This difference of opinion, far from being a hindrance to a study of Lindsay, is an aid, for it enables Masters to criticize and estimate the other poet better than if he were one with him in thought.

When the idea of writing Lindsay's biography was first suggested to Masters, he was loath to do it, as he tells us:

"I was reluctant to undertake the task, because I did not at once perceive that anything more than a factual chronicle could be made of his life. . . . His poems, accessible to every one, seemed his own revelation, and an all sufficient record of what he had lived and felt."

When his reluctance was overcome, he proceeded to do it to the best of his ability. He relies, to a great extent, on the personal letters and records left by Lindsay himself, and he quotes continually from these notes. It is in these records that we find intimate revelations of Lindsay as poet and man.

Here Lindsay sets forth his poetical and philosophical reactions and theories. In one entry, he writes:

"Good, serious poems of the streets and alleys of Chicago, ash-barrels, stray dogs, papers, old newspapers, old shoes. I say there is sentiment, real sentiment, to be extracted from them. Muddy crossings. The great thing is to choose variety in your symbolizing and sweetness and civilization personified by fashion and social absolutism. To do this clearly, and without sarcasm, but rather tenderness. The ash-barrel is not only unavoidable, but necessary."

Lindsay, like so many other, and far greater poets, was not appreciated in his lifetime. Nevertheless, he continued to sing his unwanted, and unlistened-to songs, and to preach the great doctrine of Americanism. Masters writes of his hardships sympathetically, sparing no details. Most of this was taken from Lindsay's diary. From a notebook kept by Lindsay in 1912 we find that he had the following plan for writing poetry:

"Write poems to conform to popular tunes in the outline of their melody, like *After the Ball*, etc. but with a silk finish."

Melody and rhythm was what he strove for in his poetry; he did not believe in presenting images for their own beauty but believed that they must have a definite aim and theme. His interest, his passion, was America, the American heroes, American democracy, beauty and religion and in finding the soul the United States and giving it voice.

His Booth poem captured America. *The Review of Reviews* called it glorious and touching, and both poignant in conception and expression, and the despair of imitation. . . . William Dean Howells wrote of it: "It is a sensible relief to turn our uncertainty about

these songs (referring to one of the usual books of verse of the day), which do not really sing, to Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's book, where the songs begin their music with the cymbal clash and bass drum boom of that fine, brave poem, *General William Booth Enters Heaven*. . . . Here is no shredding of prose, but much of oaten stop and pastoral song, such as arises amid the hum of the Kansas harvest field, and fills the empyrean from the expanses of the whole great West."

This biography on the whole is taken from Lindsay's own notes which Masters quotes profusely. Some parts seem unnecessary and uninteresting, but others are valuable for the sidelights they cast on the poet from his earliest days to his death. However, it is not merely a "factual chronicle" as Masters intended it, but is a true, although perhaps a bit prejudiced account of the poet's life and work. It is written in a rather jumbled and loose style, and we are forced to separate for ourselves the chaff from the wheat. Perhaps it is because Masters is so near to Lindsay, and of his own age and poetic creed that this prejudice exists, or perhaps it is because they were too alike in outlook and environment.

In his introduction, Masters makes this remark which is his tribute to the genius and worth of his friend.

Who will not see as much strength of character and high resolve in Vachel Lindsay as panegyrists attribute to Wilson? Both lived at the same time. Which one contributed more to the enlightenment, the splendor, and the culture of America? Let time answer this question as it will.

This book will never stand as the classic biography of Vachel Lindsay, but it is interesting and informative in the treatment which it gives the man and his poetry, by one who was of his time and closely connected with him in environmental conditions, though differing in poetic philosophy.

"LIGHTS OUT"

ALICE C. QUARTZ '37

THOUGH lovely lullabies call to sleep, though restless, tossing bodies long for sleep, and patient, hopeful persons sigh for sleep, the independent comforter of man heeds no pleadings but spreads his soothing darkness at his own will. The time of his arrival is as changeable as the irregularities of man's bedtime. Sometimes he forewarns his coming by casting a soporific feeling over man—other times the certainty of his existence seems doubtful. By sleep's independence, man's dependence is augmented. Sleep is the one form of unconquered darkness. Electricity has successfully overcome the blackness of night but man has found no way of receiving the benefits of sleep without succumbing to its darkness.

When sleep does start to come, he goes through a process of turning out lights. A bright, sunny, optimistic disposition may seek rest, but before it reaches its goal, the bright sunny optimism is completely dimmed by the doubt and despair of sleep's company. When I reach that state of doubt and despair, in a way I feel relieved, because sleep has pressed the first button and created its first darkness. Then sleep proceeds to make the eyelids heavy and turns out the light of light . . . the second button is pressed. The third light dims more slowly. Gradually the light of the mind is clouded, and suddenly the connection is broken and the third light is out.

Now man rests at the mercy of sleep. He can be brought into fantastical realms . . . made to look at horrible sights or if sleep is kind, he might delight the mind. Just when sleep will leave is as uncertain as the time of its arrival. Some people are lucky enough to be able to control sleep by the alarm clock . . . but I am not one of those people. Besides, even if one does hear it . . . who wants to?

Although men may go to sleep with a hate for it because of its independent spirit, yet few awake with the same feeling. The process of turning on the lights is not exactly pleasant, but it precludes man's actions subject to his own will, whereas the turning out of lights puts man wholly in the power of sleep.

DREAMS

RITA M. MORRIS '37

DREAMS are defined by psychology as the mental processes of sleep. In our sleep, they are our terrors, sorrows and thrilling escapades that we never experience in our daily lives; and to our daily life, dreams are nothing. My dreams are almost nightmares. Other people's dreams have been beautiful. Dreams of the night may be amusing in the day time, but certainly they make our sleep exciting.

Were you ever pursued by a tarantula? I was . . . while I slept. Up and down in zigzag flight on the Charles River, I desperately rowed to escape a huge banana spider. Its bulging eyes looked at me hungrily and its long spidery legs reached out to seize me. Breathless, exhausted, I dodged his boat and claws by inches. Then he was running across the water at me and I jumped overboard, down, down endless black water to my end . . . the end of that night's sleep.

Another time, I laughed my night away. One minute I was laughing with a group of girls on the third floor in school. The next moment I laughed hilariously at home as I shelled peas. Instantly I was walking around the garage roof, still laughing.

One night I dreamed that I died. I wandered around a while then remembered that I should approach God. I walked alone on a flowered path that went up through the clouds. As I put my hand up to brush aside the curtain of clouds—I missed and hit my face instead—and I'm not sure yet if I was to be allowed entrance.

Most frequently in my dreams, I drown. I have been hurled from the deck of a steamship in mid-ocean. I sank, helplessly trapped in my car when it went off the road into the ocean. I felt the car sink, heard the terrified cries of my mother, felt the water on my feet, then slowly cover my head—and I knew that I was dead. I even drowned one night in water that was only six inches deep.

Yet I am not superstitious about dreams. I like to listen to other people tell of the hallucinations they experience in their sleep. I delight in picturing Jacob's dream in which he saw the angels on the ladder ascending to the heavens. I wonder at Saint Joseph's ready, obedient answer to his disturbing dream. In literature I think that the saddest, sweetest dream was Charles Lamb's *Dream Children*. In that reverie the dreams told their own evaluation: "We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams."

APRIL RAIN

Claire Busby '37

The fields are full of patterned pools
When April rains pass by,
That ripple in the bare, brown grass
Like little bits of sky.

And other bits of sky take wings
And flute a bluebird strain,
While meadowlarks in minor key
Praise April after rain.

And just outside the dripping woods,
The leafless poplar trees
Have little clinging furry buds,
Like rain-bedraggled bees.

HOME

BARBARA McGRATH '37

It was a beautiful room, a room with dignity and background. As Sally looked about her she was compelled to admit to herself that it was much too beautiful for a prison, and yet, that was just what it was to her. Funny, she mused, how one could stand a situation for just so long and then suddenly, it would become unbearable.

The door opened and a tall figure rustled in. "Oh, there you are, Sarah—we have been wondering about you." There was a note of reproach in the voice.

"I've only been home for a few minutes, Deborah," Sally replied.

"Mrs. Hodges and Alicia are here. They have been asking for you."

"I'll go in now." Sally rose and followed Deborah across the hall and into the huge drawing-room. At the farthest end of the room a tall, stately woman was seated behind a tea-table. She turned from her guests as Sally entered.

"Why, Sarah, I did not think that you were home yet." Again Sally felt reproved.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Hodges. Hello, Alicia." Sally said pleasantly.

"Sarah, dear," Mrs. Hodges twittered. "I'm so glad to see you, for we were afraid that we would miss you, weren't we, Alicia?" Alicia murmured an assent. She was a pallid, discontented girl who seemed to have no interest in anything.

As Sally took her tea, Mrs. Hodges plunged back into the conversation that had been interrupted. Sally thought, listening to her, that Mrs. Hodges' one object in life seemed to be the acquisition and dissemination of gossip. She rushed from house to house sharing her tid-bits of scandal and gathering up what others she was able. Beatrice, at the tea table, bent a condescending ear to her guest's monologue.

"The late Empress Victoria holding an audience." Sally thought.

At length Mrs. Hodges and the languid Alicia left, leaving Deborah and Beatrice alone with Sally. Sally took up a magazine and glanced through its pages. After a long silence, Beatrice looked up from her needle-point.

"You didn't leave a message when you went out this afternoon, Sarah?" she said sweetly.

Sally flushed. "No," she replied shortly. "I didn't expect to be gone so long."

"We were worried about you, dear," Beatrice answered gently.

Sally said nothing. She was being treated like a school girl. The butler's entrance broke another long silence.

"Mr. Warren telephoned that he would not be home to dinner, he is delayed at the office, Miss Warren."

"Thank you, Benson."

Sally felt an impulse of pure rage. Even the servants knew her position in this house. Benson might at least have addressed his message to her. After all, Philip was her husband. At seven she went to her room to prepare for the eight o'clock dinner. The long evening before her seemed unendurable. She sank down on the window-seat, hot tears blotting out the sight of the broad, city street before her. The three months she had spent in this house seemed like years as she looked back on them. She had been Philip Warren's wife for six months. The first three months they had passed in Europe—they were the happiest she had ever known! Then they had come to San Francisco, to Philip's home. Sally had known that they would live with Philip's older sisters, in the mansion that had been home to several generations of Warrens, but she had not expected the rigid formality, the cold monotony of her present life.

For the first time in her life Sally was bored and disheartened. She had looked forward to a happy, busy life as Philip's wife, managing his home, meeting his friends, and joining in the activities of the society in which the Warren name would place her. Within a few weeks after she had come to her new home, she had learned that her expectations would not be carried out. Philip's sisters regarded his marriage to her as a catastrophe, she knew. They had expected him to choose a wife from his own set, one of his own

age. They felt that the twenty-three year old daughter of an undistinguished college professor whom their brother had married was in every way his inferior. They treated her like a child. Sensing their attitude she had realized that there would never be any affection, nor even friendship between them.

The twenty years between Philip's age and her own had never disturbed her before her marriage. Now they had a decided effect on Sally's happiness. The older married group to which Philip's friends belonged had welcomed her at once, but she found no interests in common with the women of forty who belonged to it, while she was barred from the younger married set because of Philip's age. Thus Sally had made many acquaintances, but no friends.

The clock striking the half-hour brought Sally to her present surroundings. She dressed quickly, choosing a dinner gown of soft coral in a gallant effort to lighten her mood. Before leaving the room she looked in the full-length mirror on the door. The sight of her own image half-surprised her. She had changed so much of late that she rather expected her personal appearance must have altered—but she was the same slim, dark girl; only her piquant face and large, brown eyes were sobered.

Sally had little appetite for the delicious dinner that was served her. Beatrice and Deborah ate slowly, speaking seldom. Benson served deftly and noiselessly from long practice. It was a silent meal. Sally had a reckless urge to drop a plate or scream, the religious hush that pervaded the room unnerved her. Three-quarters of an hour later they were settled in the drawing-room, Deborah reading, and Beatrice at the inevitable needle-point, and Sally, with several magazines, was trying futilely to interest herself in one of them. The girl's eyes wandered to the radio. The Warren sisters disapproved of anything frivolous; they went out seldom and entertained even less often. All radio broadcasts, save news reports or symphony concerts were anathema to them. Sally knew that if she turned on any dance music or comedy they would say nothing but their pained silence would prevent her from taking any pleasure in the program. There was nothing to do but hope that the hours would pass as quickly as possible and release her from this evening.

Sally's thoughts went back to her home in the New England college town where she had lived all her life. She had never known

boredom there; the days had never been long enough for all her pursuits. She had hiked and skated with her younger brother and sister, talked with her beloved teacher and father, helping him in his work and learning from him much of the gentle wisdom he had acquired in his life of teaching, assisted her mother in the household affairs, and entertained the large group of students who regarded the genial, pleasant Parker house as a sort of second home of their own. Love of home and family was deeply rooted in Sally's heart and only her love for Philip could have induced her to go so far from it all. She could not imagine two homes so different in character as the one she had left as a girl and the one to which she had come as a proud and happy wife.

The next morning when Sally walked down the broad stairs, her face was pale, and there were dark circles under her eyes. It was later than the usual breakfast hour so Sally ate, or pretended to eat, in solitude. The events of last night claimed her attention, she hardly knew what she was eating. Philip, coming in late, had found her sobbing in bed. All the pent-up anguish in her had burst forth at his tender questioning; she told him the whole story of her unhappiness. At first he had tried to soothe her, attributing the storm to nerves. He had urged her to go out more, to call on some of their friends; finally, when Sally had rejected all of these things and asked him to take her away he grew angry. He refused curtly to leave his home, he reminded her of his sisters' kindness to her, of the new advantages of wealth and position which were now hers. It was the only quarrel they had ever had. Sally felt as though a great gulf had suddenly appeared between them. Philip had left her before she was awake this morning—the memory of his strong anger last night seemed to be the last straw that was put on top of other straws of unhappiness in Sally's mental load.

The morning dragged by, and at luncheon Deborah and Beatrice urged her to go to the symphony concert with them. She refused, pleading a headache. After they had gone, she wandered discontentedly about the great house thinking only of her own unhappiness. A great resentment against Philip was growing in her heart; she felt that everyone was turned against her. At three o'clock she rose, and walked upstairs to her room. She walked with decision. Changing into a dark, tailored suit, she packed a small bag hastily. Now that her mind was made up, she would

not hesitate. Just before leaving, she looked slowly around her, then turned and closed the door behind her. There were no servants in the hall, she noticed with relief. She stepped into the pale sunshine. At the corner of the broad street Sally hailed a passing taxi and got in. "Where to, Miss?" then Sally realized that she did not know where she was going.

"The railroad station," she returned hastily.

"Which one?" the driver said. Then seeing that she looked puzzled, he said patiently, "Where are you going, Miss?"

Sally asked herself the same question. Then she said quickly: "I want to go to Los Angeles."

"All right, Miss." The driver was relieved. "You want the Union Station on the other side of town."

As Sally entered the enormous station she felt lost; it was filled with people bustling to and fro, everyone seemed to know where he was going, everyone but she. Finding the ticket window she bought a chair on the next train to Los Angeles. She had a half-hour before train time, and seating herself on a bench, she concentrated her attention on the passing crowds. She wondered what sort of problems confronted the people who passed her, each preoccupied with his own thoughts. The sorrow that had come to her lately gave her a feeling of sympathy for any other human being who might be unhappy.

At last her train was announced, and Sally followed the porter to her seat in a sort of numb panic—what was she doing? What would Philip and his sisters think of her? She hardened her heart against these thoughts, but she saw little of the passing scenery. Six hours later Sally was in Los Angeles, she surrendered her bag to the porter and followed him to a taxi. In answer to the driver's question, she said:

"The Ambassador." It was the only hotel she knew of in Los Angeles, she had heard Philip mention it. A few minutes later they were at the hotel. Sally registered and went up to her room. Her former sense of terror returned and after a few turns about the room she decided to go to bed. The cool sheets of the bed soothed her tired body, but her eyes ached and her busy mind drove away all thoughts of sleep. Distance seemed to give her a clearer perspective. For several hours she tossed and turned, going over every aspect of the situation. At last the logical mind that the old Sally

had prided herself on was triumphant. She was forced to admit to herself that she had acted like a child. At the first unpleasant snag she had reached, she had thrown up her hands in defeat. With a burning sense of shame, she thought of the disappointment that her parents would experience if they knew how she had shirked the responsibilities of a wife.

Sitting up in bed, Sally snapped on the light and looked at her watch, it was almost two o'clock. She picked up the bed-side phone and gave the number of the Warren house. A few minutes later the call was put through. There was a lump in Sally's throat.

"Hello," she said softly.

"Sally!" Philip's voice almost screamed. "Where are you? Are you all right?"

"I'm in Los Angeles, Philip, and I'm all right."

"Sally, darling," Philip's voice was calmer now, "I thought you had left me—I've been nearly frantic. Shall I come for you?"

"No, dear. Don't come for me. I'm coming home right away."

"Listen, Sally," Philip said, "there's a train that leaves for San Francisco at two-forty-five—can you make it?"

"I'll make it," Sally replied with determination. "Goodbye, dear."

"I'll meet you at the station, Sally. Goodbye, dear."

Fifteen minutes later Sally was downstairs in the lobby checking out. When she reached the station she found that she had thirty minutes to spare. The hurrying had made her faint and she realized that she had not eaten since noon. Entering the deserted lunch-room she ordered a light repast. The sleepy counter-attendant looked at her rather curiously. Time had never passed so slowly for Sally. At last she boarded the train. She had not wanted a sleeper. She was wide-awake and looked out the windows at the blackness that flew by her, and listened to the click of wheels that seemed to echo the song of happiness that her heart was singing. The sky had lightened; Sally watched the sunrise and it seemed like a good omen for her future, as if all the blackness of night disappeared before the dawn. The happy girl read into it an analogy of her own case.

At nine o'clock the train reached San Francisco. As the train pulled to a standstill, Sally saw Philip anxiously scanning each car as it passed him. A moment later she was in his arms, oblivious

to everything else around her. As Philip guided the car through the city traffic she poured out the whole tale. He listened understandingly, silencing her when she began to apologize for her conduct. Her husband's haggard, drawn face reproached her when she realized the worry she had caused him. They stopped for breakfast at a little restaurant in the city. As they faced each other across the table Philip said with a tired smile:

"It's good to see you." After a moment he spoke again. "I had a great deal of time to think last night. You were right—it wasn't fair of me to bring you to the house—you should have a home of your own, I thought we might take an apartment in town, or perhaps we could build a place in the country. Would you like that?"

Sally could not speak, she could only smile tremulously. A home of her own, and Philip all to herself!

A N O T H E R S P R I N G

Claire Busby '37

Here is another Spring. Again
I'll feel the splash of silver rain,
And seek the place where violets grew
In other olden Springs I knew.

After the winter's chill it seems
This is fulfillment of the dreams
That beat against the prison bars
Of my tired soul, to seek the stars.

And I, whose heart was wrapped in death
Have felt the touch of March's breath
And seen her mark on everything.
I'm thankful, Lord, for another Spring.

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EDITORIAL

Emmanuel graduates have taken their places in many important fields. Not a few are active in the business world; many are teaching the various branches of knowledge; still others are teaching their children in their own homes, and of course, there is a goodly proportion who have entered the religious life. Of late, a large number have entered the field of social service which demands so firm a grasp of Catholic principles and ethics. Of all these graduates Emmanuel has been proud.

Now Emmanuel has another reason for just pride. A small group of 1935 graduates, realizing the need of the moment and answering the urgent call of Catholic Action, have entered a unique

phase of that wide-reaching activity, and have opened a Catholic book-store. It purposes to furnish the best work of Catholic authors, and books that are representative of the best Catholic thought. More attention has been given to history, biography, and philosophy than to fiction, for the girls feel that this is not the pressing demand. They had a difficult time deciding on a name for their store. They desired something that would express the inherent Catholicity of their enterprise but would not be beyond the comprehension of outsiders. Finally, with keen perception, they decided to call it the Saint Thomas More Book-Store, deeming it appropriate since this saint is the outstanding Catholic layman and is well-known in history apart from his religious associations. The store is well situated in Harvard Square, close to many colleges. In this way they hope to interest the educated people who are seekers after the best knowledge. The book-store answers the need for the training of a well-educated Catholic laity who are able to disseminate Catholic thought in a subtle, but convincing, way.

The book-store has been well received, by Emmanuelites of course, but also by many outsiders. The girls have been delighted at the interest shown by many famous Harvard professors. They have started out well on an enterprise that demands courage, knowledge, and ingenuity. All of these qualities, and more, they possess. Emmanuel wishes them good luck in their undertaking and is proud to claim them for her own.

E. C. ECHOES

On February twenty-third Reverend Thomas B. Feeney, S.J., as guest of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot gave a very delightful talk on *The Little Arts of Life*. He also charmed his audience by offering original vocal selections and playing the zither as accompaniment. An added feature on the program was Miss Margaret O'Connell of Brookline, soprano, a graduate of the class of '32. Fabronia Antos, President of the society, is to be commended for providing a truly enjoyable afternoon.

Le Cercle
Louis
Veuillot

The third meeting of the German Club was held Monday, February third in the gymnasium and was conducted entirely in German. Patricia Cahill, President, addressed the members and introduced Cornelia Sheehan, '36, who favored us with a delightful vocal solo. Marie Glaccum, '39 and Margaret McDevitt, '39 entertained with an original sketch from College Life. A novel feature of the program was a wooden shoe dance by Mary Shannon, '36. A dialogue in German was very cleverly worked out by Catherine Shea, '38 and Elizabeth Eichorn, '38. The program was concluded with a charade in which all the members took part.

German
Club

On March eleventh, the Historical Society listened to a very informing and at the same time interesting lecture delivered by Miss Lucille Harrington. The present condition of Europe and the difficulties which the various countries have tried to overcome since the World War were skilfully outlined for us. All nations are seeking security and we find Europe once again divided into various alliances as was the case previous to the last war. Rita Donahue, President, introduced the speaker and we all felt that we had a fuller realization of the true state of affairs in Europe at the conclusion of the program.

Historical
Society

Marguerite Kidney, President, planned a very novel meeting for the Classical Society on March twenty-fifth. We all had to brush up on our Latin vocabulary in order to work out the crossword puzzles and conundrums which were presented to us. There was keen competition among the members and it proved to be a very exciting affair. Mary Kelly, '37 read an article on Horace which concluded the meeting.

At the third meeting of the Chemical Society held on February twenty-fourth Anna Kenney, '36, entertained us with a very interesting talk on the "Romance of Common Salt." Elizabeth Bolton, '37, gave an enlightening talk on the "Romance of Sugar." Ann Sheehan, '37, Secretary of the Society, in a very clear and stimulating manner talked on the life of one of our greatest chemists, Lavoisier. Eleanor Fogerty, Vice-President, discussed "Taste." Helen Kelly, President of the society, announced plans for the annual exhibit which is to be held the week of April twenty-second.

The Literary Society was very fortunate in securing Miss Mary L. Guyton as guest speaker on February seventeenth. She chose as her subject "The System of Basic English," and discussed its nature, use, and methods of teaching. On March twenty-third the last meeting of the season was held. Loretta Murphy, Lucy Verza, and Barbara Ferguson read original one-act plays which they had submitted. The group thoroughly enjoyed the readings. Barbara Ferguson, President of the society, addressed the group and concluded the meeting.

The Sophomore Bridge and Fashion Show was one of the highlights of the Easter vacation. We all know that in spring a young lady's fancy turns to clothes, and the spring-like atmosphere at Filene's, the scene of the fashion show, was such as would delight the heart of any girl. Those responsible for the success of the affair were Catherine Buckley, Chairman, assisted by Margaret Cashin, Roberta Taylor, Eleanor Burns, Barbara Henry, Anna Curran, and Irma De Leo, *ex-officio*.

“The Upper Room,” a scriptural episode of the Passion of Our Lord, was produced by the Dramatic Society on March twenty-eight and twenty-nine. Those taking part in the production were Frances Carr, Helen Goodwin, Rita Guthrie, Fabronia Antos, Katherine Flatley, Mary Cronin, Barbara Gill, Ruth Gallagher, Mary Dunn, and Dorothy Fell. Supplementing the drama was “The Gift.” Those taking part in the latter were Claire Busby, Eileen Sullivan, Martha Buckley, Helen O’Connor, Jeanne Busby, and Mary McGinn. They are all to be complimented on their fine work. The dramatic coach was Miss Jane Holland, assisted by Rita Guthrie, President of the Dramatic Society.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin sponsored a Saint Patrick’s day program on March sixteenth. A medley of Irish tunes was rendered by the orchestra under the direction of Gertrude Larkin, ’36. A dramatized version of “Smilin’ Through” was given by Anastasia Kirby, ’35. Esther Farrington, ’38 once again delighted her audience, this time with, “Ah, How Sweet Is Tipperary.” The program was one that the students thoroughly enjoyed.

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VAGABOND

Dorothy Fahey '37

Some think that I'm a vagabond,
A useless fellow, too,
Who can't remain in one place long
And must seek something new.
They think that I'm no worth at all—
A menace to mankind.
A hobo with naught else to do
But leave all cares behind.
Perhaps they're right, maybe I'm wrong
To do the things I do,
But change I can't; nor would I try
To work at something new.
I have a job, a pleasant one
And it takes all my time.
I do it well as I know how.
The joy it gives is mine.
I'm busy every single day
With nature as my guide,
And what I see makes me content
On highways to abide.
If we were all big business men
And beauty passed us by,
All God's treasures would be wasted
And through life we'd fly.
But give me roads and fields and trees—
I'll wander all the day
Enjoying scenes so wonderful
They make my work seem play.
Oh, I'll be busy, yes, indeed
I'll carry my small load—
And when at last I meet my end,
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE HARVARD TERCENTENARY.....	Loretta Murphy, '37.....	121
QUIESCENCE — <i>Verse</i>	Elinor L. O'Brien, '37.....	124
IN SIXTY MINUTES OF LIVING.....	Dorothy Fahey, '37.....	125
GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON — THE MAN.....	Mary Conley, '38.....	127
CHESTERTON — THE ESSAYIST	Rita Morris, '37.....	128
CHESTERTON — THE CRITIC	Audrey Swendeman, '39.....	133
THE STORY OF "STUBBIE" — AND —.....	Elinor L. O'Brien, '37.....	135
AUTUMN IMPRESSIONS — <i>Verse</i>	Barbara Gill, '38.....	138
THE PAIN OF BEAUTY — <i>Verse</i>	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	138
THE CATHOLIC GIRL'S ROLE IN SOCIAL SERVICE.....	Mary K. Flannery, '38.....	139
JEAN PATTERSON — STUDENT	Gertrude Coakley, '38.....	141
A PRESAGE OF WINTER — <i>Verse</i>	Dorothy O'Hare, '37.....	147
NOVEMBER — <i>Verse</i>	Alice Quartz, '37.....	147
THE MOTHER OF JESUS — <i>Verse</i>	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	119
OF BOOKS AND PLAYS		
<i>St. Joan of Arc</i>	Margaret Cahill, '38.....	149
<i>The King's Good Servant</i>	Barbara McGrath, '37.....	150
LESLIE HOWARD AS HAMLET.....	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	151
A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE — <i>Verse</i>	Mary Dynan, '37.....	152
HARMONY — <i>Verse</i>	Pauline Bird, '38.....	153
HIGH NOON — <i>Verse</i> . Translated by.....	Catherine Carroll, '38.....	154
CLASS AND SOCIETY OFFICERS FOR 1936-1937.....		155
E. C. ECHOES.....		157
LECTURE BY MAURICE LEAHY.....		160
COLLEGE DAY AT REGIS.....	Elinor L. O'Brien, '37.....	161
ALUMNAE NEWS		163

THE HARVARD TRICENTENARY

LORETTA MURPHY '37

IN 1736, Harvard College paid scant attention to her one hundredth birthday; in 1836, she allowed her two hundred years to be properly celebrated; and now in 1936, we find the whole world paying the respect and honor due a College that has withstood the rigors of three hundred years. In the history of the world three hundred years is but as a moment, but in the history of a nation it has become an age, an age in which learning marched with progress and so formed our country into a glorious republic. It is only fitting, therefore, that on this three hundredth anniversary, Harvard should turn back the pages of her history to the humble beginning initiated by brave men.

In 1620 the Pilgrims landed and settled in Plymouth. The hardships they encountered are familiar to all students of American history. How they survived these hardships, and turned adversity into good fortune is seen in this greatest monument to their courage and spirit, Harvard University. In Governor Bradford's "History of the Colonies" we read this account: "The Court agreed to give £400 towards a schoole or colledge, whereof £200 to be paid the next yeare, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next court to appoint where and what building."

Amid the trials of governing, of providing food and shelter, the Pilgrims had remembered that the light of learning must not die in the new country. Above all they dreaded the thoughts of an uneducated ministry who would fail to preach the word of God to their children. In the *New England First Fruits*, printed in 1643, we find this excerpt: "One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance Learning and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the dust."

With supreme optimism the colony of twelve thousand people scattered among towns welcomed the plans. It was decided that a sloping green beside a quiet river should be the site of the new college. To many members of the General Court, presided over by Governor Henry Vane, the location was so reminiscent of their Alma Mater on the Cam that it voted in 1637: "The Colledge is ordered at Newtowne" and a few months later ordered that "henceforward it should be called Cambridge." Now the seed was planted, but nourishing the seed was to be the harder task. In 1638 the College opened; its master was Nathaniel Eaton.

Its yard comprised a dwelling house and a cow pasture. That same year John Harvard, an alumnus of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, died in Charlestown, leaving his library and half his estate to the College. It was in his honor that the General Court six months later ordered: "That the Colledge at Cambridge shalbee called Harvard Colledge."

The first class numbering nine was graduated in 1642; in 1643 the first scholarship fund was donated by Lady Mowlson of London. In 1650 the General Court received a petition from President Dunster in regard to five particulars. They were: a request for the grant of a charter, the laying out of Israel Stoughton's land, the regulation of the Charlestown Ferry rent, the enlargement of buildings, and the exemption from customs on gifts to the College from New Haven, Connecticut, and Plymouth. The charter was granted, and the President, Treasurer, and five Fellows were given the right of perpetual succession. This charter, confirmed by the Massachusetts Constitution in 1780, is still in effect. Under the charter of 1650, the College expanded into a University, but it was not until 1783 when the Medical school was founded that it became officially recognized as a University. The grant of a Charter was only one of President Dunster's accomplishments. Time and time again the young college threatened to surrender to the ill fortune of the times. The colonists found that sustaining themselves was a task, but with real self-sacrifice, they rallied to the cause which President Dunster pleaded so eloquently. There were offerings of grain, pine tree shillings, bushels of wheat and wood. The president's salary came in the form of barterable commodities. Various cities endeavored to lighten the burden. Portsmouth, New Hamp-

shire gave £60 a year for seven years; Concord assessed the taxable people and gave £5 a year. Salem refused to support the College in any way, maintaining that it should have been established there. Students paid their way with corn, wheat, and rye; beef, pork and mutton; butter, cheese, and eggs. In this manner it struggled on, and in 1863 Harvard received its last public grant, and today is supported entirely by gifts and funds totalling in June 30, 1935 over \$128,000,000.

From one building and a cow yard, Harvard now boasts of two hundred and fifty acres, enclosing twenty-three departments, the Harvard Houses such as Lowell, Eliot, Dunster, Kirkland: the Graduate Schools of Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering and Business, etc. In the University are approximately 1,687 members of the faculty and 9,870 students.

Harvard, as she stands today, ranks with the greater universities of the world. Scholars from all countries convened here to receive honor and to give honor to her. Her professors and graduates compete with the brilliant minds of this age. She has had her share of great men, among whom we may mention: John Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, David Francis Millet. She stands foremost in the pageant of learning which makes our nation known as a progressive and enlightened state.

And we, the American people, who rejoice with Harvard on her three hundredth birthday, look back with gratitude to those early settlers whose tenacity of purpose and devotion to an ideal, made possible the rejoicing. We look ahead confidently to the increasing glory which should be Harvard's in the years to come. We expect her to carry on the traditions and the noble ideals upon which she has built her fame; and we pray that she may ever prosper under the blessing of God, whose help she so earnestly sought at her humble beginning. We may echo the words of Governor Bradford who said: "Thus out of small beginnings, greater things have been produced by His hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and as one small candle may light a thousand so the light here kindled hath shone to many; yea in some sorte to our whole Nation."

QUIESCENCE

ELINOR L. O'BRIEN '37

"I loved today!"

She smiled, and stroked the window case
With tender fingers

Tender, yet so strong—so keyed for doing,
And then she turned away.

The latent streaks of sun streamed on her hair
And through her lingering fingers
Streamed—and spread along the floor.

"I loved today!

Its fineness rose, and blazed across the sky
At dawn!—Dear day

When everything was filled with warmth and light,
With warmth, because I love to live,

With light, because, I, living, know
The world is filled with beauty,

Filled with battle,

And best, with battle won.

Such was my day.

Attuned to everything alive

Striking out through struggles

Almost fierce,

And then serene again.

Content, and glad.

My wave has tossed me high,

Atop the crest I rode,

And then it eased me down

To this—To all this quiet loveliness.

I loved today!"

IN SIXTY MINUTES OF LIVING

DOROTHY FAHEY '37

MARY stared at the letter in her hand. Vaguely she was aware of someone speaking. The voice finally penetrated her numbness.

"Did I get any mail, dear?" her mother asked.

"What, oh, er, no. Nothing for you," she answered.

"Who wrote to you?" her mother continued.

Mary hesitated—could she answer? She was afraid her voice might betray her. "It's an invitation to Marie Burgess' wedding."

Her mother stood amazed—an invitation to Marie Burgess' wedding. That really was Bill Allen's wedding. She looked at her daughter, her eyes filled with pity. This was the last straw. She knew that Bill Allen had done unspeakable things to hurt Mary but this last was cruel. Mary with her capability of loving so deeply, had worshipped this tall bronzed young man. But when, in a moment of anger he had broken the engagement, Mary had shrunk into herself and suffered her pain in silence.

"What are you going to do, dear?"

"Do? Why I'm going, of course"; then to herself, "going to torture myself."

She spent a great deal of time selecting a gift for them. It had to be just the right thing. Never would she let Bill know her true feelings. Her mother insisted that she was unwise in going, but Mary was determined.

The day of the wedding she dressed with the utmost care, carefully removing all traces of the night's tears. She started early, for it was absolutely necessary that she get a front seat, a place where she could see everything. It seemed an interminable wait before she heard the first strains of the Wedding March. She

turned with the rest of the guests to get a first glimpse of the bride. But try as she might, her eyes seemed drawn to the altar where, with his best man, Bill stood. He looked so fine, so clean-cut, waiting eagerly for his bride. Did he see her? Was he thinking of her? She caught his eye as it scanned the congregation. Did she imagine that flash of amazement, of incredulity that leaped into his eyes? Did he know that she had been invited?

Slowly, majestically, the bride came down the aisle. She did look beautiful in her wedding gown. It wasn't really Marie's fault that she had lost Bill. The quick look that passed between the prospective bride and groom held all the tenderness Mary longed for. The Mass began. Could she sit through it? Every fibre in her body protested. Her mind was in a turmoil. Would she ever straighten it out? His blond hair, wide shoulders, so familiar to her, seemed to hover protectively beside the tiny form of Marie. He had seemed big beside her, too. That night they had gone to Vin's party and ———. Oh, well, it was now a thing of the past. It was among those memories never to be thought of again. Now all that mattered was the future. Her future, alone, always working——. What was Father Walsh saying?

"I pronounce you——." Poor Father Walsh; He had felt so sorry for her. He had baptized her, given her First Communion, watched her grow. Now he had to do the one thing that could hurt her. He knew it. Half the people in the church knew it. Were they pitying her? It really didn't matter.

The organ started to play. She raised her head slowly. Bill and Marie had turned from the altar, husband and wife. They looked so happy. She hoped Bill would never do to Marie what he had done to her. They walked up the aisle, smiling, looking so contented. To them she was just another guest.

People were leaving. Was it all over? She sat there, not knowing where to go, or what to do. Other people went through similar experiences. What did they do? How did they fill the empty space in their breasts where their heart had been? She had to find a way. She rose from her seat and gropingly found her way out of the church. She stood on the steps wondering which direction to take. The sun had been shining when she went in. It was raining now.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON— THE MAN

MARY CONLEY '38

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON, known affectionately to the world as G. K. C., is the outstanding writer of the early twentieth century. He is the author of innumerable essays, many exquisite poems, and scholarly philosophical works of which the great underlying principle is Faith. A jolly man with a huge body and a great head topped by a leonine mane of hair, he towered figuratively as well as literally over his contemporaries.

He was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, London, in the May of 1874. His father was a well known realtor which means that the Chestertons belonged to the prosperous middle class. His people were comfortable, solid, respectable, though as G. K. C. tells us in his *Autobiography*, not the very stiff, pompous respectable. He says, "My father, who was serene, humorous and full of hobbies, remarked casually that he had been asked to go on what was then called the vestry. At this my mother, who was more swift, restless and generally radical in her instincts, uttered something like a cry of pain.

"She said, 'O Edward, don't! You will be so respectable! We never have been respectable yet, don't let's begin now.'

"And I remember my father mildly replying, 'My dear, you present a rather alarming picture of our lives if you say that we have never for a single instant been respectable.'"

He attended St. Paul's school from which Milton graduated, but it must be admitted that he was not an extraordinary student. The idea that he had come to school to study never occurred to him.

"Personally," he says, "I was perfectly happy at the bottom of the class."

For it was the custom for the students to hide any talents or any intelligence and to affect the pose of stupidity as a pledge of comradeship. A bright answer to a professor's question was something of which to be ashamed. With the help of a few companions he published a magazine while at school and founded the Junior Debating Society. Further than that he did little more than enjoy himself, as he with his genius for fun could always do.

After his graduation from St. Paul's he attended the Slade School of Art. Although he has illustrated a few of his own books amusingly and at times brilliantly, Chesterton decided that he had neither talent nor the ambition necessary if he wished to devote himself to art. So he transferred his interest to journalism. He began writing, "full of a new and fiery resolution to write against the Decadents and the Pessimists who ruled the culture of the age." He felt as few writers have ever felt, that he had discovered the easiest of all professions. There was no planning about the earlier part of his life. He had no fixed ambition and his entrance into journalism had in it an element of accident and luck.

He first attracted public notice when, allied with a group of equally enthusiastic young men, he began writing in opposition to the Boer War. He said, characteristically:

"What I hated about it was what a good many people liked about it. It was such a very cheerful war. I hated its confidence, its congratulatory anticipations, its optimism of the Stock Exchange. I hated its vile assurance of victory. It was regarded by many as an almost automatic process like the operation of a natural law, and I have always hated that sort of heathen notion of a natural law." As sentiment about the war changed, it became evident that G. K. C. had made no mistake in taking such a stand. At this time he met Hilaire Belloc and formed with him a friendship that lasted throughout his life.

Journalism may have seemed an easy profession to Mr. Chesterton because of the marvelous fecundity of his mind. Interested in many things about which he thought deeply and had decided opinions, he was rarely at a loss for a subject. It is most amusing to read of his methods of writing while keeping in mind the special conditions required by other more temperamental members of his profession. He dictated many of his articles over the telephone

or dashed them off while a taxi waited outside. His weekly articles for the *Daily News* and the *Illustrated London News* were turned in regularly over a long period of years. But although possessed with hard commonsense, he was a particularly poor business man. He never thought that he should receive any more for his work than any other writer, even though his articles doubled the sale of the periodicals in which they appeared.

As all the world expected who had read his book *Orthodoxy*, Chesterton became a member of the Catholic Church. He was received into the church by Father O'Connor, the "Father Brown" of his detective stories. He had reasoned his way into the Faith and embraced it unhesitatingly even though it cost him some of his popularity.

"So far as a man may be proud of his religion rooted in humility, I am proud of my religion. I am especially proud of those parts of it that are commonly called superstition. I am proud of being fettered by antiquated dogmas and enslaved by dead creeds (as my journalistic friends repeat with such pertinacity) for I know very well that it is the heretical creeds that are dead and that it is only the reasonable creed that lives long enough to be called antiquated. I am very proud of what people call priestcraft, since even that accidental term of abuse preserves the medieval truth that a priest like any other man ought to be a craftsman. I am very proud of what people call Mariolatry, because it introduced into religion in the darkest ages that element of chivalry which is now belatedly and badly understood in the form of feminism. I am very proud of being orthodox about the mysteries of the Trinity and the Mass: I am proud of believing in the Papacy."

This hilarious knight reveled in a clean battle and fought gloriously as one of the foremost leaders of the Church Militant. "Now that he has gone out to join the Church Triumphant it is good to remember the challenge of his *Last Hero*."

"You never laughed in all your life as I shall laugh in death."

CHESTERTON—THE ESSAYIST

RITA MORRIS '37

"THE PRINCE OF PARADOX," the "Champion of Orthodoxy," the "Genial Critic," the "Poet-Essayist," these and other titles but inadequately describe the multifarious character of the genius of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Creator of subjects ranging from his great poetic achievement *Lepanto* to his essay on that lowly subject *A Piece of Chalk*, the power of his imagination seems immeasurable. But he is not known only as a poet and essayist, for he also attained distinction as a journalist and historian. He was moreover an astute lecturer, but it is as an essayist that he is most widely known.

In his essays, Chesterton created a new, sensational style, sometimes called "Chestertonese." He has been compared to the renowned Dr. Johnson, but he had neither the bitterness nor the sting of Johnson: others have likened him to Newman, and yet, though their attraction to the Catholic Faith was mutual, Chesterton's style is much less pure, and far more unique than is that of the dignified Newman. He has glorified almost every conceivable subject in his essays, and even when writing on the most humble subjects he introduced brilliant flashes of wit, striking poetical metaphors, and complex startling paradoxes. His own words illustrate these qualities better than any description of them. His wit is revealed where he asserts that the Bible was condemning wall-paper when it said, "Use not vain repetitions as the Gentiles do."

One of his characteristic comparisons is made when he poetically describes, "the tiles like little clouds of some strange sunset," or yet again, when he describes the rain falling from the sky as "bending over and bawling in my ears." In his essay on the *Advantages of One Leg* he hides a deep philosophical principle in

the paradox, "All pessimism has a secret optimism for its object." He was the most paradoxical of men and his words provoke the most intricate mental gymnastics.

Chesterton's personality is so alive in his essays that it is difficult to criticise his literary merits. One can feel his vigor, his profound keenness of judgment, his robust faith, and his refreshing optimism in even the briefest of his works. He seems to sit on a mountain top, viewing the world from afar, and picking from the world that which is best. An excellent example of this ability to recognize the essentials of a topic, is seen in his *History of England*, a survey of the vital forces that have affected the empire,—those smaller events that have made England a home of living, pulsating humans. It is a most amusing and delightful history, a school boy's delight,—for it contains but two dates.

Chesterton was an inveterate optimist and a keen lover of life. He wrote to establish a philosophy, yes, a Catholic Philosophy of "God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world." He discovered that man was not groping blindly in the darkness of life, for late in life he found that man could answer the supposedly unanswerable. He decried pessimistic philosophy and asserted that life is a gay affair and a creation of God. Philosophy, he said, was a "gay sacramentalism," the earth to him was a place of "awful beauty," and mankind the "million masks of God." In his philosophy he asserts that sin is the only moral evil and that the possession of great amounts of land by a few is the social evil in the world today. He has been called the religious Utopian, and he certainly has helped to restore laughter to the common man, and to give spiritual values to his every-day life. Chesterton's greatest prose works have illustrated his Catholic philosophy. *Orthodoxy* discloses his vigorous staunch faith, and the *Everlasting Man*, soaring at times to poetic heights, is a living portrait of Christ. He made the Church the Attacker, not the attacked. From Protestants he demanded explanations, and would not tolerate apologies from Catholics.

His arguments, even on such a vital subject as religion, were not bigoted. He was a just judge and had a keen insight for recognizing true values. This was true not only in his treatment of Catholicism but also in correcting false judgments in the field of literature. His defense of Dickens against slurs, and his defense of

the Victorian Age of literature are worthwhile contributions to English Literature. He accused Shaw of Puritanism, but praises this man's sincerity and intelligence. His criticisms are keen and penetrating, and he had the ability to discern the crucial flaw of an argument. He would never quarrel but he loved argument and his firm convictions and understanding of words are the basis of his arguments.

His style was never forced or carefully worked over, in fact, we have a description of him as he wrote in a café. The headwaiter told a friend of Chesterton's peculiar behavior,

"He clever man. He sits and laughs. Then he write. And then he laugh at what he write."

Certainly this was a unique method of authorship. Such ease permeates his every work. His profound mind would perceive many diverse aspects of a subject which an ordinary mind could not perceive. His unpremeditated phrasing flows in a smooth stream, whereas another author would torture himself to produce the same effect. No subject was too common and he gave such a new, optimistic and interesting quality to his matter that we, of necessity, sense the casual, yet deeply perceptive, imaginative genius of Chesterton.

This easy method of writing was carried over into his living. He was always unaffected by applause, and unafraid to prove his convictions and dogmas even at the price of his popularity. Some maintain that his fame, so easily won and held even after his conversion, was partly due to his luck as the favorite child of fortune. They refuse to make his lovable personality a virtue, and blame him for his lack of pity and sympathy for the unfortunate elements of humanity. Such critics forget the zeal with which he fought for the cause of the working and poorer classes. They are unjust in accusing Chesterton of narrow sympathies. It was a broad mind that made *Orthodoxy* and *The Everlasting Man* his masterpieces; no narrow mentality could conceive such subjects. His novels, *Napoleon of Notting Hill* and *The Man Who Was Thursday*, are deservedly popular fiction. His critical works on Shaw and Dickens and on the Victorian Age in literature are classics. Such a man will not soon be forgotten by the English-reading people.

CHESTERTON—THE CRITIC

AUDREY SWENDEMAN, '39

"THE business of criticism," said Matthew Arnold, "is simply to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." The late Gilbert K. Chesterton, eminent poet, novelist, essayist, historian, and philosopher, was equally eminent as a critic. His first public articles were art reviews in the *Bookman*; from these he passed to reviews of books on all subjects for the *Speaker* and the *Daily News*. Publication of *The Wild Knight*, his first volume of poems, brought him slightly into contact with literary figures, but, as he tells us in his autobiography, it was a critical work that attracted favorable notice and encouragement. His review of a book attacking Robert Louis Stevenson, a review in which Chesterton defended that author, called forth praise from many prominent writers and was the chief cause of an invitation from Macmillan Company to write the study of Browning for the *English Men of Letters* series. This work on Browning, together with the books on Watts, Dickens, and the Victorian Age, have taken their place among standard works of the kind.

Chesterton's literary output was enormous but in every part of it we find the same strong personality, firm in its convictions, glorious in its faith. He regarded himself as a Grand Inquisitor, a member of a special corps of philosophers whose business it was to watch the beginnings of a purely intellectual conspiracy which would soon threaten the existence of civilization. He did not war against the uneducated but rather against the evil philosopher, the anarchist who was trying not to alter, but to annihilate. This view of his may help to enlighten us as to his critical attitude, especially with regard to the modern writers. He admired the wit

and sincerity of Shaw, the intellectuality of Wells but his main accusation against them was that they relied almost entirely upon mere analytic reasoning, that they separated reason from emotion, "things whose fruitful union is necessary alike for the beginning, continuance and completeness of human life." Chesterton felt that present day theories give us a withering knowledge of evil, but have no intrinsic power of communicating hope, that they are without that element which Christianity could have given them. Choose for yourself, he says, between these alternatives:—avoiding evil by thinking of its awfulness or keeping away from it by thinking of the Blessed Virgin. They might both be effective but he knew which was the more wholesome.

His style has two marked characteristics, a surprising command of poetic metaphor and a shrewd mastery of logic. His striving after paradoxes has been cited as rendering his criticism penetrating, keen, and consistent, rather than inclusive and tolerant. Whether we agree or disagree as to the value of these qualities, we must admit that as a literary critic, Chesterton stands high above his contemporaries, so many of whom are incapable and trite. His genius for comment, marked by flashes of intuition and vigor of judgment, has been governed by conviction and the resolution not to dissolve the art of utterance from the thought that must precede it. *The Notes on Charles Dickens* are characteristic; they are almost indispensable to a proper understanding of Dickens. In the *Victorian Age in Literature* he reviews the outstanding writers of the nineteenth century making distinctions which will be of permanent value in English criticism.

So it is with all the works of Chesterton. He had the poet's gift for seeing the most commonplace things with a startling freshness and suddenness, but his glory is greater than all these literary abilities, remarkable as they are. Like the great Cardinal Newman, he was intensely loyal to the Catholic spirit of which they were both the champions. Chesterton has kept the star of faith shining.

THE STORY OF "STUBBIE"—AND—

ELINOR L. O'BRIEN '37

Two of them, no less! Two little arrogant gray and black scotties at the end of a very smart plaid leash. At the other end paraded their befreckled and becurled young mistress, somewhere in the vicinity of eight years, and every bit as arrogant as the products of the highlands and the heath. Of the few rich children from the Elm Street school, Nita Graves was perhaps the biggest thorn in the sides of her young classmates, but with Ruthie Lane she had become an obsession. Ruthie was every bit as befreckled and becurled (by the grace of mother nature) and not one bit as rich. But that wasn't the thorn—that is, not the biggest thorn, for even at the age of eight the social distinction attached to living at the "right end" of the street was keenly realized. The thorn lay in the unsuspecting persons of "Salt" and "Pepper," the former being the grayer of the scotties, and the latter the blacker. For "Salt and Pepper" made Nita Graves definitely superior—an attitude she was inclined to assume with or without the scotties.

It was this way. Ruthie had one dog, "Stubbie" by name, due to the short helpings he had received when they had been passing out noses and legs and tails. In fact most people declared the tail had been neglected entirely, though Ruthie denied this.

"Stubbie," she declared, her eyes shooting sparks, "has a tail, but, y' see he's a poodle, so of course you wouldn't know." And then she smiled up at you in such a beguiling way you just had to take her word for it, that Stubbie is a poodle.

Up until last Christmas, Ruthie used to go out walking and playing with Stubbie always at her heels. No leash was necessary, it was not even thought of, for Stubbie never wandered far from the sound of Ruth's voice. And smart! All the third-graders on

Elm Street thought they had a part interest in Stubbie. They'd just have to call "Here, Stubbie" and he would come a-running as fast as his little stumps would carry him. Then Ruth would say,

"Come on, Stubbie, sit up and beg," and up he'd sit like a little rag-a-muffin ball, straggly hair over his eyes and a very pink slip of a tongue hanging out. Then Ruthie would ask,

"D' you want to go home, Stubbie?" and Stubbie would bark once for "yes" and twice for "no," until his spellbound audience would cheer and pet him and he would be rewarded with a round of cookies and candy, things which aren't supposed to be good for dogs, but none of which ever bothered Stubbie.

"Gee, but Stubbie's a smart dog."

Then came Christmas, and with it a big red satin bow for Stubbie and a gift of some sort from every young admirer in the neighborhood, everything from dog biscuits to a red sweater. Upon the hill came Christmas morn, and two wee black heads with pointed ears and little square bewhiskered snouts, hanging out of two carefully hung stockings, Santa's gift to Nita Graves.

Came Christmas afternoon, and the unforgivable, unforgettable humiliation of Stubbie. Down the hill came Nita, in a new green coat and hat, and worst of all two little Scotties on a Scotch plaid leash. Jimmy Nolan was the first to see them coming.

"Hey, Nita, let's see your dogs! Did you get them for Christmas?"

And in less time than it takes to tell it, Stubbie and Ruthie were deserted, left standing by the hill while the new attraction was investigated. Slowly, a little bewildered, Ruthie stooped down and picked up Stubbie, and even more slowly made her way toward Nita. She stood at the outskirts of the little group staring wordlessly at the Scotties, at the shiny plaid leash, at the proud mistress. Suddenly Stubbie gave a yip and jumped out of her arms, making straight for the Scotties. In an instant there was bedlam. Nita screamed and tugged frantically at the leash.

"Take your old mongrel dog away, Ruthie Lane. Take him away, I say. I don't want my Salt and Pepper to catch anything!"

Ruthie caught Stubbie and scowled at Nita.

Nita's nose went up in a sniff.

"What do you mean, catch anything? Just what do you mean? Nita Graves."

"Wel-l-l, a pup like that is liable to have anything, and I don't want my dogs near him. Besides—" she glared at the frightened Stubbie contemptuously, "he hasn't even got a leash." And that was that.

Spring had brought a wiser and an older Stubbie. Since that eventful Christmas afternoon he was doomed to be tied to the end of a rope, the nearest approach Ruthie could make to a leash, and though he was still the center of attraction at one end of the street, when Nita appeared with the cocky Salt and Pepper, he was yanked behind a fence until they passed. Ruthie took no more chances that Stubbie's dignity would be offended.

In June, Ruthie went off to the country to spend the summer. Stubbie went too, so the street was left without a mascot. Late one September afternoon, Ruthie returned, browner than ever and popping with excitement. She went flying up the street.

"Hi, kids!"

"Hi, Ruthie!"

"Listen—will you all stay here a minute. I've got a s'prise and I want you to come walking up by Nita Graves' house with me a minute—now wait!" and she flew home again. Then, curiosity aroused, the kids gathered round the Lane's front gate. In an instant Ruthie was out again, her eyes like stars, and grinning from one ear to the other. She was holding out a long red ribbon at the end of which was a very haughty Stubbie, and from Stubbie's ribbon came another and another, and yes, even another red ribbon and at the end of each was—you've guessed it— a miniature Stubbie, each very shaggy and very, very stubby as to legs, and nose, and minus a tail.

Yes, Stubbie sure was a smart dog!

AUTUMN IMPRESSION

BARBARA F. GILL '38

Sunshine, and a golden tree
Cornstalks swaying merrily;
Purple grapes in clusters gay,
Cool winds ruffling the hay;
Cider sweet in amber fountains,
Rows of orange-yellow pumpkins;
Creations from the Master's hand
As He sweeps His brush across the land.

THE PAIN OF BEAUTY

Harriet L. Carritte '38

I know the pain that beauty brings
To the beauty-seeking heart
But that sharp, quick pain and a breathless joy
Can never be far apart.

I see a star in the evening sky
Or a moonlit path on the sea,
And the stabbing ache of their loveliness
Is life and more to me.

THE CATHOLIC GIRL'S ROLE IN SOCIAL SERVICE

MARY K. FLANNERY '38

SOCIAL service work is particularly dear to every Catholic heart. That humanity for which Christ suffered and died, cries out to us not only for spiritual but material help. What a glorious opportunity is here presented to the Catholic College girl. How will she best render this service, in what manner will she cope with the many problems which arise in this field? In answer to the need of supervised training in Social Welfare, Emmanuel College has added the school of Social Service to its curriculum. This is in recognition of the exigent need of Catholic Social workers in our modern complex society. This course is carefully preparing a number of young women for professional social work.

The Catholic girl applies much more than a practical economic, political, and social knowledge to her work. She advances Christian theories and principles inherent in her because of her college training. She views situations with the eye of faith, not of fatalism. She works for a definite end, the welfare of the individual, guided by the virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Social Welfare work is primarily a Catholic heritage. Jesus Christ is the outstanding model for all social workers. He worked among the poor, the humble, and the illiterate. Above all He upheld the family as the greatest social institution. As a true Catholic daughter, the social worker can greatly advance the ideals of family life, which she has received both in her home and college training. Thus she tends to be a potent force against the constant demoralization of this unit. The Catholic Church has been foremost in the education of youth through all the ages; her great teachers have passed us those

standards which the Catholic social worker should uphold through practice and example. Numerous social and charitable organizations have arisen under the auspices of the Catholic Church, as the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, the Knights of Columbus, various Catholic professional guilds, and many diocesan organizations devoted to charity.

Today we have a great social movement in the Catholic Action program. This embodies the united action of Catholic guilds, sodalities, schools, and charitable bureaus throughout the world for the promulgation of those doctrines of Christ which are basically social. Thus the girl well-grounded in her knowledge of Catholic virtues and truths may diligently further both the cause of Social Welfare and Catholic Action at the same time.

If we reflect for a moment we can easily see what joy and satisfaction the Catholic Social Worker derives from her work. As she goes among mankind seeking out those who have fallen by the wayside, renewing their courage and faith, adjusting their handicaps to beneficial employments, and petitioning aid for the needy and unfortunate, she is treading the pathway of God and retracing His mission on earth. She is a second Florence Nightingale whose lamp of faith and hope shines through the darkness of gloom and despair. In her ears, echo the divine words of Christ, "Amen I say to you as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it unto me." Thus "God with us," we Emmanuel Social Welfare students will attain the goals of our professors and give added glory to our Catholic heritage.

JEAN PATTERSON—STUDENT

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

J EAN dodged a taxi, ducked under an umbrella and “gained the inside track”—the protecting ledge of Manley’s department store. With her head down, she followed it grimly, in spite of runner-uppers and the hurdles—until she came to a splash of reflected red lights on the sidewalk. She pushed open the door under the electric sign reading, “Day’s Restaurant,” and hurried quickly through to the back room. The clock on the wall said 5:15. She had fifteen minutes to change, eat, and get on the floor. Her “Wordsworth” and education books were blistered from the rain and she wiped them before she put them in the bottom of Mary Steinmetz’s locker. In two minutes she was in her uniform, had combed her hair, fastened on her head-band, and in three more had caught her “K.P.” as it was shoved over the ordering slides. She was conscious of the sticky smell of rain-soaked clothing, of the wet place right inside the door, as she tasted her beans, buttered her brown bread and took a cautious sip of her coffee. It was too hot, and when she put her dishes on the “in-slide,” she wished she hadn’t finished it, her tongue smarted so.

“Take station 13,” MacCoy, the head waiter, told her. “There are two parties there already.”

On flying feet, Jean Patterson, waitress No. 13, rushed back and forth, back and forth, with hot soup, baked beans, veal cutlets. But as the clock, (that clock that took an hour to pass fifteen minutes) ticked up to 9:30, they were tired, dragging feet.

She ran to catch the 9:45. The next one would get her home one half hour later. The man in the seat in front of her kept nodding and finally fell asleep. Jean felt her consciousness drifting and pulled herself up quickly. The car was stuffy and warm, and its swaying motion—. She pressed her face against the cool win-

dow,—it helped a little. She tried to read Wordsworth's *Prelude* but it made her want to close her eyes, and if she did—.

While walking down her street she found the rain was lifting. She was glad,—not that she didn't like the rain, but it shut off the sky, like a cover clamped down tight on the earth. She zigzagged down the street. She loved to step on the wet pieces of paper and watch the water burst out from under them. She reached the house, a gray stone house, so tall it seemed to lean out over the street. Inside the door was the first sign, "Please be quiet and oblige J. J. MacKinnon"; and the first thing that always greeted her eyes when she unlocked the door of her room and turned on the light, was another which informed the occupants that abstention from cooking would be greatly appreciated by the aforesaid gentleman. There was a slight movement in the bed when the light went on. Martha was asleep. Her cold-creamed face shone in the light, and her hair, in curlers, looked black, and hard, and neat against the pillow. As Jean put down her books and flung off her coat, she saw Martha's books, neatly piled and ready for tomorrow's classes.

"She has everything done!" Jean sighed enviously. And then because she felt a stirring of self-pity, she decided to take a steaming hot bath,—to perk her up so she could study better. Back in her room, she tried to study, but her head dropped over *Le Cid* and her eyelids just wouldn't stay where they belonged. She looked at Martha,—she seemed so comfortable. If she could get up early and do it—her mind would be fresher. She set her alarm for 4:30—that would give her five hours sleep. She snapped off the light, crawled into bed and thought drowsily, "Better not take a hot bath again before I want to study."

The next thing she knew Martha was shaking her.

"Jeanie!—it's time to get up. Jeanie!" Jeanie murmured, turned over and sat bolt upright.

"What time is—Oh—Martha. I've a French test," she wailed, "I set the alarm!"

"It doesn't work any more. We need a new one."

She studied feverishly through her breakfast, on her way in on the bus and didn't go to class until the last minute. But it wasn't enough. When she first saw the test she wanted to cry,—to leave immediately. But she stayed, answering the two out of five ques-

tions that she knew and struggling through two others. Why, oh, why had she gone to bed last night? Never again,—no matter how tired or sleepy she was. Miss Hawkins had warned her last week—if her work in French slacked much more—Jean felt a choking, sinking sensation. Sometimes she didn't think it was worth it—all this struggle and then accomplishing nothing. Her first semester's work had been so good. If only her father hadn't lost his job at the end of it. They could manage to take her tuition from the bank, but she had to provide her own books, carfare, clothes, food, her room rent; and to do that she worked nights and Saturdays and Sundays at "Day's." The work was so tiring,—it seemed to take every bit of energy out of her. If she had the time she could keep up with Jane MacArthur and Esther Wilson. If she only had time! Blindly she walked up to Miss Hawkins' desk, ignored the incredulous expression on her thin face and went out of the room.

Just outside, Irene Mooney swooped down on her—that's the only word Jean could ever think of when she considered Irene's approach.

"Oh, Jean—you're just the one I'm looking for. Could you manage to pay up a dollar on your dues?"

Jean hesitated a little.

"The chairman of the prom wants to see the list tomorrow and I didn't bother to collect last month's, you know.—And I have to have them in."

"O.K." Jean unfolded a dollar bill and passed it to Irene. Irene crushed the bill into an already overstuffed box and flew down the corridor. Jean looked at the remaining thirty-five cents. Her eyes blinded with tears.

"How dare she!—*How dare she* take my precious dollar bill so—so unconcernedly! I hate her. I worked hard for that. I worked hard for that!" Thirty-five cents to get through the rest of the day and all day tomorrow. "I'm being silly," she thought. How could Irene know? And even if she did know why shouldn't she ask for it? People who can't afford dues shouldn't be going to college.

As she sat in the Greek library, she wondered where her gang was and what they were doing. They weren't in the building—probably at "Sal's" coffee shop. She hadn't seen much of them. She couldn't blame them for deserting her as they had. They

weren't snobbish, just young. She had to use her free hours for study and they could dance in the "gym" or go for a ride along the river. She wished that their fathers might lose their jobs and then they might realize a little of what she felt. Horror-stricken, she caught herself. What a rotten, rotten, *rotten* thought! What could she be thinking of? What was the matter with her? She had never done that before. She avoided them that afternoon, she didn't want to see them, she couldn't face them, after thinking that.

She had a banana and milk for lunch. That left her ten cents to ride home tonight and fifteen cents for breakfast tomorrow morning. It was a good thing tomorrow was Saturday—pay-day. She'd have to give MacKinnon five dollars for room rent—and she needed a new pair of stockings. Martha and she could get a room for three dollars each on Barton Street, but she'd never dare walk down that street alone after work.

When she got home from work that night it was 11:15. She had had three late parties and she had thought they would never go. Her feet and back ached—and the muscles on her legs were drawn and tight. She sat on the side of the bed, her shoes and stockings off, and flexed her toes. If she did nothing about them she wouldn't sleep and they would hurt all day tomorrow. She dug up an old pail from the MacKinnon laundry—filled it with hot water and two tablespoonfuls of soda from the MacKinnon kitchen. She didn't take off her sweater and skirt—just lifted her skirt above her knees and put her feet in the pail. She brushed her hair and thought as she sat there. She would give anything for time—it was so very, very precious. It was lack of this that made her so ugly, made her have such mean, ugly thoughts. If she could be with the girls more, maybe it would have been she who was elected instead of Martha. Imagine being the most popular student in the class, the "ideal college girl." She herself had been vice-president of her class, during first semester, and president the second,—but she never would be again because she just couldn't do justice to her duties as president. Martha was so sweet. She was glad Martha got it. She was really, unalloyedly glad. She sighed contentedly. The rhythmic motion of the hair-brush,—the warmth which seeped up through her from the hot water,—soothed and relaxed her. She lay back on the bed and closed her eyes.

About two hours later, Martha came in from the sorority dance and found her there on the bed, fully clothed, the hair-brush in her hand and the light glaring on her closed eyes. She woke her, emptied the pail, and in five minutes they were both in bed. But Martha wanted to talk,—about the dance, about Bill, about her surprise at the election. Her wonderment was so genuine that Jean loved her and struggled to keep awake, to answer her intelligently. It would atone a little for the things she'd thought today.

She worked hard Saturday and Sunday, studying until three o'clock Monday morning. She fell asleep in the rest room and missed a class that she had already cut twice. Allen sent for her to demand an explanation of her absence. He was hard, but of course it was his duty to be hard. If he had to sympathize with *everyone* who missed class—.

He waved aside her attempt to explain both her cut and her considerably lowered marks. He was interested in neither her reasons nor her excuses,—only in the results. He realized it was hard for her,—but the college had to maintain its standard and if it was too high for her—he shrugged. That night she awoke, her breath jagged, her forehead wet, and in the darkness she could see Allen's face with its rimless glasses and bent-down mouth repeating over and over again, "Results! Results!" She tossed and turned for the rest of the night,—and woke more weary than ever.

She studied hard the two weeks prior to exams. She worked feverishly, she couldn't afford to fail, couldn't afford to get low marks. Her family had been so proud of her at the end of the first semester,—and her father——. He'd blame himself and he mustn't be discouraged—not at his age. She'd seen men his age lose their jobs before. It frightened her to think about it. The last two weeks in May came. She found she had seven exams in three days. The Dean couldn't arrange it any other way. She tried not to think about it, she was afraid she'd lose her grip if she did. For the week before exams she averaged from three to four hours' sleep a night, and on the morning of the first three exams, she awoke after three hours' sleep to find herself weak and dazed.—

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" The next three days were a haze of bluebooks, monitors, ink-stained fingers—interminable

writing. She had to write a lot. Her mind was too tired to marshal her thoughts into any semblance of order. And when it was over, there was no let-down. She knew she hadn't done well. She had felt a little that way before—but always with an under-note of hope that she hadn't done as poorly as she thought. But there was not even that this time.

She stayed and worked at "Day's" for two weeks after school closed, and then went back to school to get her marks. She had passed every subject but education—just barely passed. With her report slip in her hand she met Jane Moreland in the hall. Jane was stout, strikingly pretty, and drove a low-swung Buick roadster. Jane waved her slip at Jean, "Dad will surely let me quit now!" she exulted. He'll probably explode when I show him this,—but I guess I can manage him,—I want to take up my dramatics—Going my way? Give you a lift."

Jean shook her head. She was, but she didn't feel like listening to Jane's chatter.

"Thanks, no—Jane,—lots of luck!" She left the college and went down to the corner to get the bus. She'd leave for home tomorrow. It would be better to tell her mother herself than let her receive the report through the mail. Waterville,— She hadn't seen it since September. It would be nice. But she had always hated the thought of Uncle Dudley's horrid, frantic office.

A PRESAGE OF WINTER

DOROTHY O'HARE, '37

Showers, showers;
Faded leaves and flowers,
Fluttering before the breeze
From the bushes, vines and trees;
Trode upon by thoughtless feet
Those that once we held, so sweet!

Petals from the rose and clover
Cover lawn and bridle over;
Tiny twigs and supple branches
Showering in avalanches,
Tossed about in disarray
Softly rustling their dismay.

NOVEMBER

ALICE QUARTZ '37

Some people call November bleak and drear,
Whose chilly days launch winter's dread career
They picture her as hidden in a fog,
A ghost reciting summer's epilogue.
They play a tuneless dirge with moaning beat,
To set the pace for her in forced retreat.
For me, November sings a lovely tune
And when I hear that dirge, I must impugn;
For she brought one whose rhythmic soul set free
In simple grace, *The Minuet in G*.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS

Harriet L. Carritte '38

Mary, did your Baby cry
As other babies do?
When you came, would He look up
With a roguish smile at you?

Mary, was Joseph proud of Him?
Would he watch with bated breath,
As he sat with hammer and crooked nails
In the shop at Nazareth?

Mary, after the evening meal
Did you tuck your Boy in bed?
And smiling wish that angel dreams
Might drift through His curly head?

And then did you stand and gaze at Him
With an aching sense of loss?
Did you see Him lying, your Baby Son
In the shadow of the Cross?

OF BOOKS

ST. JOAN OF ARC **by V. Sackville-West**

MARGARET CAHILL '38

A biography of St. Joan of Arc is nothing very unusual in the world of literature. Her character has been dramatized and analyzed time and again. Each biographer brings to the task his own convictions and arrives at his own conclusions.

This latest biography by V. Sackville-West is an engrossing and well-balanced study of the maid of France. It is written in a strong and authoritative manner, dramatic and colorful, but scholarly to the last detail. It is told as direct narrative, not as an exposition of theory or belief. As the author states it in her book's final sentence, the entire career of Joan of Arc was a miracle. She does not attempt to explain the miracle but she sets it forth in a powerful and beautiful manner.

We see Jeanne's childhood companions, her sturdy but bewildered peasant parents, the captains who supported her, the weak Dauphin whom she made King, but above all her own courageous figure, shrewd and capable, tenacious of purpose, imbued with an unfaltering conviction in her own mission "to regenerate the flagging soul of France." To save France! Though she longed to return to her simple peasant existence—though the King dallied and blundered—even though she foresaw her own fate—she did not turn back. Her single-heartedness and courage were super-human.

We know St. Joan as a magnificent and inexplicable figure, the saint and saviour of France, but too often that is all we do know. This biography is a thorough and beautiful study of the amazing career of the peasant maid. Miss Sackville-West offers us, not romance, but facts, and a sympathetic understanding of St. Joan. It is a forceful and direct, as well as a dramatic and beautiful book.

THE KING'S GOOD SERVANT

by Olive B. White

BARBARA McGRATH, '37

The King's Good Servant is the account of the last six years in the life of Sir Thomas More, scholar, statesman, saint. It keeps too close to the biographical facts to be termed an historical novel, and yet is far removed from the dull prosiness of a merely factual report. All the ingredients that make an exciting story are found in this book. The story opens shortly after More accepted the Chancellorship from Henry the Eighth. Already England had heard the first faint rumblings of the upheaval which was to shake Christendom. More, bearing in mind the earlier injunction of Henry, "Look first to God and then to me," stood out as the most prominent figure who fought to ward off the tragedy. He failed, but won a martyr's death. Apart from its historical significance, *The King's Good Servant* is notable for its portrait of the gentle, lovable Thomas More. It is the beautifully written story of a beautiful character. Told almost entirely in conversations, the reader sees the events and incidents which lead up to More's and England's doom. The author's deep and solid knowledge of the social and political conditions of Tudor England is combined with the easy naturalness which makes this account of a sixteenth century saint as vivid and readable as a modern novel. More himself is an inspiring example as a man whose life, though spent in the worldliness of the court, was always above reproach and whose death brought him to sainthood. The reader will love him for the sympathetic tolerance and mild humor he showed everyone, as well as for the brilliancy and humility which have made him the patron of statesmen and students.

LESLIE HOWARD AS HAMLET,— Prince of Denmark

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

Several years ago, in a statement to the press, Mr. Leslie Howard let it be known that his greatest dramatic ambition was to do "Hamlet" on the American stage. Several weeks ago, at the Boston Opera House, Mr. Howard for the first time realized this ambition. The characterization of Hamlet seen at the Opera House was an excellent piece of work. And it may be said in passing that theatre-going Bostonians viewed it with unrestrained enthusiasm.

There are many interpretations of Hamlet, probably as many as there have been Shakespearean actors. They can, however, be generally classified into two types, the striding, ranting, fiery Hamlet, and the restrained, intellectual, reasonable Prince. To one whose conception of Hamlet is that of a sane man who became mad for a purpose, Leslie Howard's Hamlet is eminently satisfying. As it was generally expected, he interpreted the lines with reason, restraint, and, for the most part, something very near perfection. His reading of the difficult blank verse was done with such skill that not for one moment was a shade of meaning lost.

One of the faults most frequently found with this character of Shakespeare's has always been his difficulty to explain delay in avenging his father's murder. By the very restraint of his characterization, Mr. Howard reveals the explanation to us. He shows us a Hamlet, dazed with the suddenness of events, bowed under his grief and his terrible knowledge, slowly gathering his strength for final decisive action. And we understand his explanation completely. There is, however, one fault to find with Mr. Howard's restraint. It is too nearly universal. There are several passages in *Hamlet* which, no matter what interpretation is put on the character, must be read with fire and passion. This Mr. Howard fails to do. His reading of Hamlet's soliloquy does not reach the height of inspiration which is necessary for perfection. Again, there were passages in which the Prince of Denmark disappeared, and Leslie Howard's own personal charm carried us away. On the other hand, Hamlet's scene with his mother was excellently well

done. To these lines Mr. Howard imparted more passion than he did to any throughout the play. Incidentally, Queen Gertrude, played by Mary Seavoss, ranked next to Hamlet, in view of skillful execution. The young lady has a very lovely voice and she knows how to use it to the best possible advantage.

It remains only to express the hope that Mr. Howard will receive in New York the acclaim which he deserves. Whatever he may desire, it can surely be no more than the reception which critical Boston accorded his performance.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

MARY T. DYNAN '37

At six my secret wishes lay
In owning many toys.
By twelve years, I had taken to
A liking for the boys.
Nineteen changed me in that way:
I wanted a career.
This noble thought obsessed my mind.
But alas! I've changed again, I find,
Since I have met you, dear.

H A R M O N Y

Pauline Bird '38

Let's throw stones
Far to sea,
Swift, wingéd stones
Just you and me.

Let's watch color,
Just let's be
Lost in color,
Ecstasy.

Let's weave magic
Don't let's see
Aught but beauty
Endlessly.

HIGH-NOON

From the French of "Midi"

by Leconte de Lisle

Translated by

Catherine Carroll, '38

Fair summer's king, High Noon, the plain enfolds,
In silvery sheets from heavens blue descends;
The scorching air all things in silence holds;
The fire-clothed world to sultry slumber tends.

The fields stretch forth devoid of restful shades;
The spring, refreshment of the herd, is dry;
While off afar, the sombre forest glades
Immobile, there in heavy sleep now lie.

Alone the ripening grain, a gilded tide,
To space unfolds and quiet sleep disdains,
As offspring of a land made sanctified,
Drinks in the sun, nor lightest fear restrains.

At times, as some long sigh from soul aglow
Arises from the whispering fields of grain
An undulation, rhythmical and slow
Towards the horizon billows, there to wane.

Nearby, upon the grass white oxen lie
Drool on their dewlaps, with content innate,
Pursuing with their languid, haughty eye
Those inner dreams that never terminate.

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E. C. ECHOES

"Nostalgia," the word occurred to me first on October fourth, our Cap and Gown Sunday, and many times since have I thought of it. What word could be more fitting? Surely every Senior has begun to feel a bit of it—a foreboding you might call it, of what it's going to be like—when we're not here. It's that feeling, indefinable to a certain extent, that descends upon you all unexpectedly, and very deftly touches a tender spot you didn't know was there. A bit of memory perhaps, an affection, or something, you don't just know what, that's all intermingled with atmosphere (though we'd never admit we were imbibing it), and loyalty and friendship. There we were, each Senior, looking impeccably academic in cap and gown and formal stock, each assuming with quiet sincerity the serious mein significant of the hour. Gratitude, as Father Lynch expressed it, is only one small thing that we can give those who have sent us to Emmanuel. Gratitude for everything we have received, and for every happy hour. But the serious mood must pass, and it behooves us, as Seniors, to spend every minute of our last year enjoying it. And so we come to our societies.

What a pleasant first meeting the Literary Society had, on September the thirtieth, conducted so capably by its President, Lucy Verza, who made us all welcome, and outlined what sounds like a fascinating program for the coming year. She announced that in honor of the "patron saint of modern Catholic Literature," it is going to be a G. K. Chesterton year, and we hailed the plan with enthusiastic interest. Our moderator added a bit of flavor to the afternoon with the spice of some of G. K. C.'s choice bits of poetry. At the next meeting, on November the second, some of his essays were reviewed.

On September thirtieth, the Chemical Society inaugurated their first meeting of the season with two motion pictures depicting

Chemical Society "Refrigeration" and "The Story of Common Salt," The new President, Anna Sheehan, opened the meeting and introduced the project which was obtained through the courtesy of the Visual Educational Department of Boston. The November meeting was devoted to a Round Table discussion of Synthetic Organic Chemistry. The following members contributed papers: Elizabeth Bolton, Angelina Graham, Lillian Maynard, Rosemary McLaughlin, and Helen Sicari.

Historical Society Employing similar tactics, the Historical Society on the afternoon of October nineteenth gave an opening Tea, with the President, Mary Duris acting as the gracious hostess.

Athletic Association Those athletically inclined would do well to note the elaborate program for the coming year which has been outlined by the ingenious President, Margaret Brooks. Keeping the end up in the tennis is our champion, Mary Henderson—though of course everyone else may try. No less popular is the intermural game of basket ball, and games on the new hockey field promise much in the way of interscholastic competition for the coming year. Nor are the equestriennes to be excluded—and you who can "carry-off" with such easy nonchalance, a pair of Jodphurs, will have ample opportunity in the fall and the spring at the Saturday morning canters under the guidance of an instructor.

Foreign Mission Society Just one jump ahead of the rest as usual, the Foreign Mission Society at their first meeting announced a lecture to be given on Sunday, November first, by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. Of course a great deal of interest was shown in this event, and our expectations were fully justified when an assembly of over five hundred appeared on All Saints Day to hear the speaker. In his treatment of his subject "The Last Enemy," Monsignor Sheen vehemently refuted many arguments that have been offered to condone the new front that Communism has assumed in order to gain a footing in this country. By definite reference to communistic literature, he revealed the disguise and showed the true aims and purposes of this "last enemy." For four

successive years, Monsignor Sheen has lectured here, and each year the audience has gone away, completely satisfied with his spiritual and philosophic treatment of current needs and dangers. We feel indebted to the Foreign Mission Society for giving us this opportunity to hear him again, and we tender our thanks to Ruth Henderson, the President of the Society, for making this possible.

The more social of our Clubs, Dramatic, and Musical, have been most active in starting their programs for the year. The Dramatic Society inaugurated their new season with charming entertainment and tea under the cordial direction of their new President, Mary Dunn. Many new members were welcomed into the Society, and as we go to press we are anticipating the first activity of the season, the Junior Plays scheduled for November eighteenth. No one wants to miss the double feature of "Divided We Stand" and "It's Easy to Write a Play," both on the same program. We congratulate the Junior Thespians.

Later issues of THE ETHOS will chronicle undoubted triumphs for the Musical Society, because the members have consented to give several public concerts, and to sing over the radio during the Catholic Hour. This is an entirely new feature that has been announced by Anna Murphy, the President. A new musical directress has been welcomed by the Society, Miss Eileen Griffin, also of the faculty of Boston University. The first concert of the year will be given in the College Auditorium on December sixth. The Orchestra and Glee Club are working together to make of these affairs a great success. A new choir robe has been adopted in Emmanuel blue and gold. We expect great things of the Musical Society this year.

LECTURE BY MAURICE LEAHY

Contrasting the Philosophy of Catholic and Non-Catholic Writers

A literary critic of note, Maurice Leahy in his address to the student body on Monday afternoon, October twenty-sixth, was qualified to discuss with engaging frankness our modern writers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and to act as critic *pro tem* of our modern critics.

According to Mr. Leahy, these modern thinkers who, with mad abandon tear to bits any and every bit of literature they review, taking only the fragment for their point of criticism, are defying the age-old standards of literary analysis quite probably because of their own inefficiency and inability to comprehend fully the thing as a "whole."

A completed literary work, continued Mr. Leahy, is very much like a building whose intricate sections have long been in the process of erection. At their completion they form a structure composed of many parts. These critics he likened to wreckers who, in a few hours can blast the building to bits leaving in their wake nothing but debris. Constructive criticism, the commentator went on, is an entirely different thing. Taking a piece of literature from the viewpoint of Catholic philosophy one is enabled to see things as a whole, and seeing it thus, complete in form and matter, it may be sanely judged. The Catholic writer, from his very philosophy, brings out beauty and evolves order out of chaos.

The passing of one of the greatest Catholic minds of this era, Gilbert K. Chesterton, is a bereavement felt strongly by every well-informed Catholic. An outstanding literary figure? Yes—but more. To this age of superficiality and confusion the piercing light of Chesterton's intellectual genius has been a redeeming factor. His satire spared no one, and in his work as critic of our modern literature he applied old and tried principles, battling with insincerity and cheap thought. Here Francis Thompson's line was aptly quoted—"Plowing the rock until it bears!" That—remarked Mr. Leahy, is what Catholic Philosophy is to do to literature. Let it plow, and furrow its barrenness until it is forced to bear its mellow fruit.

COLLEGE DAY AT REGIS

ELINOR L. O'BRIEN '37

IN the Encyclical of our Holy Father Pope Pius XI on Christian Education there is this statement: "The proper and immediate end of Christian Education is to co-operate with divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian."

The alumnae of all Catholic Colleges and High Schools in the United States have in the past twenty years formed a Federation which has done much in its efforts to further the cause of Catholic education. Among its many excellent accomplishments the Federation has succeeded in arranging scholarships to the Catholic University in Washington and to other leading Catholic Colleges, for Religious. The results of this one project alone has been the higher education of more and more nuns in the United States, who in their turn have become teachers in the numerous Catholic High Schools and Colleges. The younger generation of Catholics in our United States are fast coming into prominence and in their various fields of endeavor are becoming an effective voice. It is this younger generation of Catholics who, having been educated and graduated from our Catholic High Schools and Colleges, have seen the advantage of a strong organization behind them, whose power can be relied upon in the furthering of their principles.

For the first time since the Federation of Catholic Alumnae has been formed, the Massachusetts Chapter convened in a body on October twenty-fourth, at Regis College, Weston, and polled representatives from fourteen leading Catholic women's colleges in the East.

The young women who spoke in behalf of their College alumnae were:

Trinity	Miss Mary Field
The College of St. Elizabeth.....	Mrs. James H. Mahoney
New Rochelle	Miss Alice Touhey
Manhattanville	Miss Esther McCarthy
Emmanuel	Miss Mary Sheehan
Albertus Magnus	Miss Mary Murphy
Marymount	Miss Helen Linehan
Our Lady of the Elms	Miss Gertrude Griffin
Mount St. Mary's.....	Miss Mary Duane
Boston College Graduate School..	Dr. Margaret Lynch
Rivier (Hudson, N. H.)	Miss Janet Vidal
Regis	Miss Margaret C. Denning

Dr. Jane Hoey of the Trinity Alumnae was the guest speaker of the afternoon. Her prominent position as director of public assistance for the Social Security board in Washington, made it fitting that she, an alumna of one of our leading Catholic Colleges, should be chosen to impart the message of importance to the assembly of over one thousand. Taking the words of our Holy Father, Dr. Hoey stressed the importance of co-operation in Catholic Action, co-operative thinking, and co-operative action in a program for social security for all.

Recognizing the salient point in Dr. Hoey's address the following speakers of the afternoon in paying tribute to their colleges and to the Federation, proclaimed their willingness to participate wholeheartedly as active Catholics in any issue whether it be social, economic, or educational, that it may sponsor.

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has been the instigator of a tremendous movement. May its voice be far-reaching and powerfully effective for the benefit of our future Catholic generations.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Eleanor Wallace, '35, entered novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame on August 9.

Doris Murphy, '35, entered novitiate of the Sisters of St. Francis at Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania, on September 8.

Shirley Fay Wheeler, '35, and Ruth Keenan, '35, have returned from California honeymoons. Shirley is living on Commonwealth Avenue, and Ruth on Reservoir Road, Chestnut Hill.

Helen Attridge, '35, Helen Goodwin, '36, Barbara Ferguson, '36, Dorothea Gardiner, '36, and Rita De Leo, '36, are studying for M. A. degrees at Teachers' College.

Mary Kavanaugh, '35, has been appointed to the Canton High School where she is teaching French and Latin.

Pauline Reynolds, '36, has entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Dominic in Kentucky.

Martha Duffy, '36, and Mary Denning, '36, are preparing for work as sales representatives of the New England Telephone Company.

Dorilla Brulé, '36, has been appointed to the faculty of the French Department at the Central Falls High School, Rhode Island.

Helen Walsh, '36, is doing secretarial work in the office of the Boston and Maine Railroad.

Mary M. Murphy, '36, is a laboratory technician at the Boston City Hospital.

Agnes Handrahan, '35, is librarian and social worker at the Roxbury Boys' Club.

Evangeline Mercier, '35, entered the Carmelite Order.

Mary Rafferty, '36, is employed as a secretary at the State House.

Agnes Bixby, '36, is doing secretarial work in a Boston insurance company.

Eleanor Fogerty, '36, is a laboratory chemist at the Boston City Hospital.

Katherine Morrison Butler, '24, is the proud mother of twin sons. It seems to be the first record of twins born to any member of the Emmanuel Alumnae.

Anne Kenney, '36, studied at the Simmons College secretarial school during the summer.

The engagement of Cecile Shanahan, '36, to Mr. John Carew was announced during the summer.

Virginia Bixby, '36, is taking a technician's course at the Boston Dispensary.

Rita Koen, '36, spent the summer in Indiana where she studied photography work.

Margaret Rogers, '36, left for New York in August to begin her work as a tutor-companion at the Bethany Rest House at Maryknoll.

Oda McClure, '35, has commenced her duties as teacher of Latin and French in the Uxbridge High School.

Olive Dalton, '36, began her executive training course at the Katherine Gibbs School on September 22.

Ellen Drummey, '34, was married on September 12 to Mr. John Dixon.

Anna McMurrer, '35, received the habit of the Sisters of Notre Dame in February and is now Sister Marie de Sacre Coeur.

Constance Dolan, '35, is studying at the Hickox Secretarial School.

The *Emmanuel Alumnae News* for September announced the awarding of higher degrees to fifteen of our graduates in June. They are listed as follows: From Simmons College: Eileen G. Meaney (A.B. '30; A.M. '31); B.S. in Social Work.

Anne Sheehan (A.B. '32) B.S. in Library Science.

From Boston College: Mildred Crowley (A.B. '30) A.M. in History; Claudia Murphy (A.B. '35) A.M. in History; Mary R. Kavanaugh (A.B. '35) A.M. in English.

From the Graduate School of Boston Teachers College, the degree of Ed.M. in English: Mary Kenney, '34; Mary Devenny, '35; Helen Murphy, '35.

In Biology: Mary Byrne, '34; Dorothea Hoar, '35.

In Spanish: Helen McGettrick, '35.

In History: Grace Doherty, '35.

In Latin: Ethel Kelleher, '35.

From the Boston University Graduate School of Education, Ed.M. in English: Agatha Maguire, '35.

KAPPA GAMMA PI ELECTIONS

Eight members of the graduating class of 1936 were elected to the national honor society for Catholic Colleges. They are the following: Barbara Ferguson, Dorilla Brulé, Martha Duffy, Mary Rafferty, Helen Lyons, Cornelia Sheehan, Alice Harvey and Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Thomas P. Gormley, father of Patricia Gormley, '39.

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